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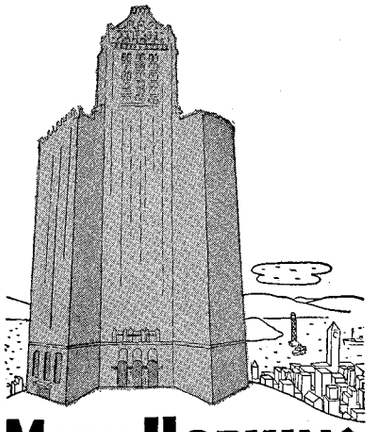

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Skippy.

Sir:

Some time ago a magazine article appeared stating my income, which was half the figure. This was picked up by newspapers, and as the cartoonists reach many papers, and are supported by the prices paid for features, it reacts to their disadvantage. In NEW OUTLOOK, it said: "His income from *Skippy* approximates that of the President of the United States, partly because he owns his own copyright." It is difficult to ascertain where these figures are coming from, but none of them are right. My income from the King Features Syndicate, according to income tax reports, is $120,000.00 a year.

The property owned by me in Virginia totals over 2100 acres.

In the article, *"Men of Comics"* (May, 1935), it says: "In recent years he has become a crusader against Prohibition, gangsters and other abuses, but Crosby's diatribes on controversial subjects, although handled seriously, lack conviction." This perhaps was furnished to the writer by the Hearst Syndicate of which I am not an employee, or it is his personal reaction. However, it might be well to weigh such opinion against those of literary critics:

> There is many a nugget of sound philosophy of the sort that one can live by to be found in *"A Cartoonist's Philosophy,"* by Percy Crosby.
>
> —*N. Y. Times.*
>
> Mr. Crosby draws *Skippy*, writes about *Skippy* and is *Skippy*—so say some of his friends—but behind this jolly lad lurks a philosopher, a poet and a reformer with crusading zeal.
>
> —Harry Hansen, *N. Y. World Telegram.*
>
> Percy Crosby, brilliant and subtle, is a man who gets mad. And he gets mad, above all, at fakery and fraud—and gangdom and prohibition—But it is a grand book.
>
> —*Philadelphia Record.*
>
> Doing *Skippy* cartoons doesn't prevent Percy Crosby from being one of our regular thinkers.
>
> —*N. Y. American.*

I wish to express my deep gratitude to NEW OUTLOOK for their offer to publish my letter. It was suggestive of the policy of fair play and courtesy.

PERCY L. CROSBY.

McLean, Va.

Doing Its Bit.

Sir:

Your editorial *"Voting Strength"* (May NEW OUTLOOK), is open before me, its reading just finished. (That accounts for the postcard, for which I perhaps should apologize). I am *not* a fan letter writer. I have, however, been trying to sell the "small business" man for the past three years from the top to the bottom of the East Coast, and I feel that *"Voting Strength"* deserves much thanks for its attempt to do "its bit" in enlightening voters. And *thanks* also for the first two articles (*"Our Worst Monopoly"* and *"Ickes's Ogpu"*).

Very truly,
MARY G. IRWIN.

Charlotte, N. C.

Widespread Interest.

Sir:

I have been much interested in two articles in recent issues of NEW OUTLOOK, *"Men Who Dig"* (March, '35) and *"They Train the Young Idea"* (February, '35). These articles are a confirmation of our own estimate of the public interest in these subjects.

We made an educational talking picture, for example, in coöperation with Dr. Breasted of The Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago about a year ago on the general subject of archaeology and the explorations of The Oriental Institute in Egypt and the Near East. The public interest in this film and in the subject is evidenced by the fact it was shown to audiences of 3,000 in the Philadelphia Academy of Music on two occasions recently and has met with a similar response in cities throughout the country.

We have just completed a similar feature-length picture of the work of Dr. Arnold Gesell, whose career and accomplishments are so sympathetically described in the article, *"They Train the Young Idea."* The title of this picture is *"Life Begins."*

I have observed that your editorial policy frequently anticipates public interest in various topics with considerable exactness and I feel that I cannot allow this occasion to pass without congratulating you on the timeliness of the two articles mentioned above, as well as the interesting and readable manner in which the material is presented.

Very truly yours,
F. L. DEVEREUX,
Vice-President,
Erpi Picture Consultants, Inc.
New York City.

Trees.

Sir:

In your edition for May, 1935, appears an article (*"Ickes's Ogpu"*) including these words, "He (Dr. Tugwell) plans to make trees grow on the Llanos Estacados where even God has never succeeded in that worthy endeavor." Is not the Almighty who created the earth able to make trees grow?

We suppose the article refers to that part of Texas, the Lone Star State, which is known as the plains or panhandle. Spain once controlled Texas—hence the Spanish names. If the writer of the article would drive to the town of Canyon, Texas, then thirteen miles east along a highway called the Goodnight Trail he would come to a state park called Palo Duro. In it he would find what were once parts of trees which have turned to rock. Some are almost three feet in diameter. The substance which was once trees is hard as flint.

In Arizona is found a petrified forest. Geologists state that the plains were once the ocean bed. Bones of elephants and other prehistoric animals are found there. Bones have been blasted from solid rock eighteen feet below the surface. In parts of Nebraska which were once prairie are now growing trees which have been planted.

Anyone who cares to investigate will find these statements to be true.

Respectfully,
A. READER.

Stillwater, Okla.

NEW OUTLOOK, June, 1935
Volume 165 Number 6

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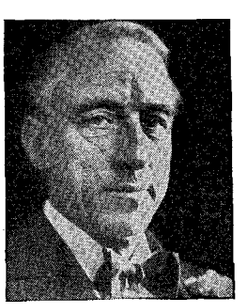

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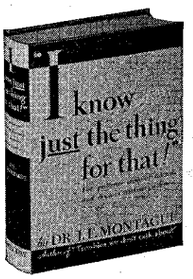

By DR. J. F. MONTAGUE

From the Contents

What Is Normal Function?
The Crime Wave in Cathartics
Name Your Poison!
Biliousness—Gallstones—Gallbladder Trouble
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Nervous Breakdown—Insanity—Impotence
Low Blood Pressure
Body Weight—Obesity—Reducing
What to Do for Constipation at Various Ages
Constipation—Colitis—Cancer
Unnecessary Operations

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Not Forgotten.

Sir:

. . . NEW OUTLOOK comes to our library and I always read one or more articles. One appearing in the month of September, '34 ("Men of College Dollars"), giving statistics about our colleges and universities, was both timely and very helpful.

Very sincerely yours,
JAMES E. ALLEN,
President, Davis and Elkins College.
Elkins, W. Va.

Encouragement and Inspiration.

Sir:

The NEW OUTLOOK is a voice in the wilderness which gives great encouragement and inspiration to all those disillusioned people who are giving up the search for the promised land of the "more abundant life" where thrift and common sense would no longer be right or necessary. Your sound point of view is refreshing and your publication is steadily increasing in value and in influence. More power to you!

Richard Barry's article, "Our Cuban Nightmare," is the best of the current special articles with its illuminating information and interest. But the whole magazine is from-cover-to-cover pleasure in reading.

Yours sincerely,
H. H. MCCLURE.
New York City.

Honest Mendieta.

Sir:

Richard Barry's, *"Our Cuban Nightmare,"* in your May issue is a brilliant analysis of the situation in that island and of the personalities now dominant there. No other American observer, as far as I know, has pierced the mystery of Mendieta's occupancy of the presidency, or seen the role of Batista so clearly.

The author might have added that Dr. Mendieta is a rigidly honest man. Before the fall of Machado, it was the custom to send visiting foreign journalists to interview Mendieta, on the theory that he would give them a good impression of Cuba since he was "the only honest politician" there. (I quote a former governmental secretary.) But honesty is not enough in a time of revolution. Mendieta has a dull mind. He is notoriously slow to grasp the signficance of new problems.

The future lies with Colonel Batista, as Mr. Barry perceives. I imagine that Miguel Mariano Gomez, former Mayor of Havana, or some man of that type, will be elected to the presidency of Cuba at the end of the year. But Batista is due to remain the power behind the palace.

Yours faithfully,
W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS.
New York City.

Interracial Attitudes.

Sir:

The recent violence in Harlem between the white and Negro population, involving over 3,000 persons, brings to notice a menacing situation. It goes deeper than the disturbance on this particular occasion. Interracial attitudes and conditions affecting Negroes were the factors that brought about this violence.

It is not a matter of any particular geographical area—human nature is about the same in all parts of the country—and when communities are faced with interracial friction and misunderstanding they react in about the same manner. No community is immune from the danger of race conflict and good citizens everywhere should be on guard against it. A low economic status, unemployment, loafing and gambling seem to be directly related to mob violence and lynching.

The Tennessee Interracial Commission, organized in 1918, is cooperating with public and private welfare agencies in racial adjustment. It is focusing attention and building public sentiment favorable to improvements in health and education. The death rate among Negroes has fallen from 24.8 to 15.7 per cent from 1918 to 1933. Harlem's death rate is reported as 18.15 per 1,000, and in its worst section the rate reaches 21 per 1,000. Between 1920 and 1930, illiteracy in the Negro group in Tennessee decreased from 22.4 per cent to 14.9 per cent. In the reductions of 9.1 per cent in the death rate and 7.5 per cent in illiteracy, it is believed that the Tennessee Interracial Commission has contributed. . . .

The problem of race relations is hard, desperately hard, and has not been solved in Tennessee or elsewhere, but the time is here to make honest efforts. The best spirits of the races should be brought together to face their mutual problems and obligations. The primary purpose should be the promotion of justice, understanding and good will. There is constant need of developing the right kind of public sentiment.

JAMES D. BURTON,
State Secretary,
Tennesse Interracial Commission.
Oakdale, Tenn.

Courtesy.

Sir:

Miss Wing's article (The Rise of Courtesy, April, '35), . . . is a very interesting treatise on the subject of courtesy and I believe that Miss Wing should be complimented upon it.

Very truly yours,
JOHN SYME.
New York City.

Lady Nicotine.

Sir:

In your issue of January, *"Talk of the Nation,"* you have paid your respects to the railroad companies for not providing more ample accommodations for that most disgusting of all modern hybrids—the smoking female.

In attempting to say something quite brilliant you have written tartly of those who do not smoke, and who object to being plastered over with the rotten breath of the stinking tobacco slaves.

Your editorial tells much about the level of your journal, and the moral idealism of the men who are operating it.

I bid the NEW OUTLOOK a long farewell for the simple reason that men who will write that kind of stuff simply do not count.

Yours truly,
C. B. SYLVESTER,
Minister First M. E. Church.
San Jose, Calif.

A Lot of Common Sense . . .

Sir:

I read Mr. Gordon Smith's article, *"A Curb for the Roadside"* (NEW OUTLOOK, May, '35), with a great deal of pleasure. Mr. Smith has had the ability to gather up the opinions from a number of people working closely to roadside markets and combined them with his own impressions and a lot of common sense, and written a most interesting article.

In my opinion, he has gone right to the bottom of the situation as we see it, and shown the dangers in a system that probably is intended to be the finest type of direct producer to consumer selling in

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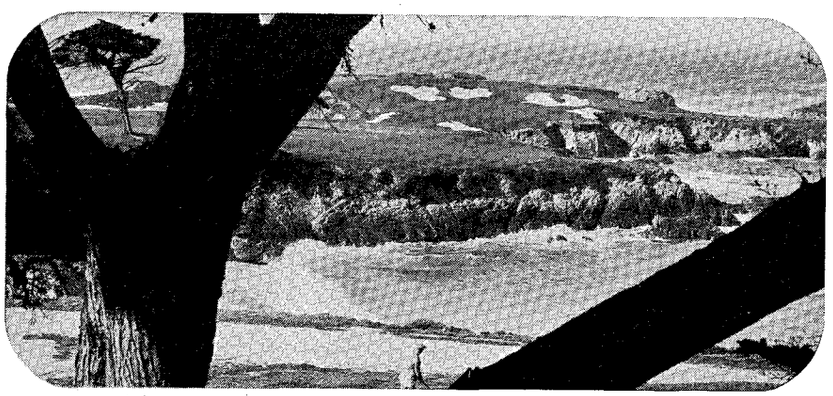

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Carl S. Stanley, Manager

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Very truly yours,

W. W. OLEY,

Chief, Bureau of Markets,

State of New Jersey, Dept. of Agriculture.

Trenton, N. J.

Rewriting the Constitution.

Sir:

On the evening of December 1, 1934, former Congressman James M. Beck of Philadelphia delivered an address before the American Bar Association, in which he proposed certain changes in the mechanism—not the fundamentals—of the Constitution of the United States. Long known as a stanch defender of that venerable document, that speech of Mr. Beck's caused much comment and brought an open letter from Mr. H. C. Wilbur of Chicago, whose criticisms are interesting.

As the first reason why no changes should be made in the Constitution he cites the fact that for 150 years it has worked and under its *aegis* the United States have become a great nation. Then he attacks the two mechanical changes suggested by Mr. Beck.

First, the proposal to change the term of Representative from two to six years in order to remove a "malign influence upon the integrity of the Representative," meaning the temptation to let his desire for reëlection influence his votes rather than the merit of the bills on which he votes. Mr. Wilbur meets that proposal with the statement: "I do not believe you can delete a yellow streak from a man's system by extending his term of office," implying that if a Representative lacks the moral stamina to vote as his conscience and judgment dictates regardless of the effect on his political future, lengthening his term of office will not make a man of him.

Then he lays the blame for the small calibre of many Congressmen on the primary, which makes the congressional race a free for all with so many candidates that the average voter will not, and cannot, take the time and trouble to investigate their records and qualifications. He says: "The advent and growth of the primary ended party deliberations and therefore ended party responsibility. A scramble for office inevitably resulted and with it came the apotheosis of the ward heeler and ward boss."

Mr. Beck's second suggestion, that extending the President's term to seven years with ineligibility for reëlection would free him from the tendency to let political considerations influence his official acts, is declared to be unsound by Mr. Wilbur, who says, "The theory that if an Executive cannot succeed himself he will not play politics while in office, is not sound." His argument is that under our party system of government the President must necessarily be a party man, consequently even when the personal consideration is eliminated regard for the future of his party will to some extent influence his official course, which is doubtless true.

Mr. Wilbur also attributes the deterioration of the U. S. Senate to the primary, but when one recalls the names of some of the men who were elected Senators by the spineless legislatures which they controlled one wonders if the Senate has "deteriorated."

After all is said the fact remains that, with or without the primary, the character of the members of Congress and our State Legislatures depend primarily on the voters; and until the great body of citizens can be made to realize that the privilege of voting involves responsibility for the kind of government under which they have to live—and consequently entails care and effort on their part to inform themselves about the character and qualifications of the different candidates—we shall continue to have some unfit, inefficient men in Congress and our state Legislatures and occasional scandals in official circles.

WILLIAM L. DAVISON.

Springfield, Mass.

A Swell Job.

Sir:

. . . the article, *"Death Comes for the Liberals"* by Cedric Fowler (NEW OUTLOOK, May, '35). It's a swell job.

Sincerely yours,

CLIFTON READ,

National Council on Freedom from Censorship.

New York City.

What Mr. White Means.

Sir:

As a student of Mechanical Engineering and automotive expert I must criticize the statements of Trumbull White in his article "Nothing Shall be Free," p. 30 of the May issue.

What Trumbull White means is this: The windshield wiper runs on cold air not hot air. Furthermore, it runs on useful power of the motor *intake* not a waste current of the exhaust. Also there is no more mystery about the way it runs than there is on the subject of money as the dodo general, Hugh Johnson, claims. Moreover, the action is not free. By killing the power of the motor more gasoline is used.

While these may be only minor points the facts are so distorted that I feel I must protest.

Yours truly,

HENRY SIMONI.

Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

The automobile windshield wiper in commonest use today operates on power incident to the creation of a vacuum in the intake manifold. As the power is necessarily there, automotive engineers usually regard its application to a wiper as costing nothing. In earlier times windshield wipers were operated in as many different ways as the fancy of inventors dictated. There was at least one that worked under compression stored in a small tank by the exhaust—and a smelly, dangerous thing it was. The mystery of it, as Mr. White was careful to state, was only to himself; and he undoubtedly will be grateful for this technical explanation.—Ed.

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NEW OUTLOOK

"Who sees the trends anticipates the news"

Outside, Looking In

Standing here in the vestibule f the last issue of Volume 165, ıcing the list of contents to the ght where all the subjects blend to a single view, one is sud- ɔnly conscious of a striking ɔr-all impression—that America becoming aware of her place in e world. . . . Europe takes ad- ntage of the devalued dollar to ıy into American properties; but nerica is cognizant of probable nsequences. Again, during a rrent upheaval in Africa, the ıited States does not rush in on vitation, but evaluating aims d circumstances prefers just to ɔk on. Elsewhere, with un- ɔnted understanding of overseas rigue she quietly files away the thentic portraits of those mas- diplomats "who keep the ace." In a fourth place she lmly notes that while other na- ns are obliged to reach out territorial expansion, remote ıces beg for the privilege of ning the United States. . . . But is not in foreign relationships ɔne that the nation shows its areness. There is a return to the l stability within the continental ɛa to a more restful life sym- lized by the iron deer. And, as nonstrated in two fine separate dies of railroad and the mails, draws the line beyond which vernment must not go in in- fering with privately-owned siness. . . . On the whole an en- ıraging NEW OUTLOOK.

JUNE, 1935

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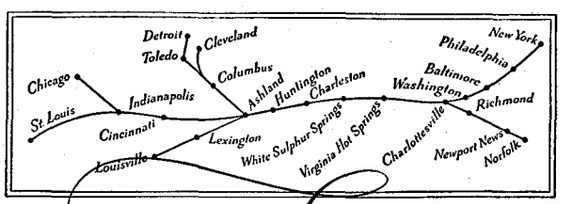

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NEW OUTLOOK

Editorial

SANITY

By GLENN FRANK

THROUGHOUT the world individualism is having hard sledding as one experimental government after another announces its determination to plan the life and enterprise of its people. The one thing that is common to all the experimental governments of the time, our own included, is a shifting of the balance of power between politics and economics. Alike under the variant leaderships of Stalin, Mussolini, and Roosevelt, the statesman is grasping at reins of power long held by the business man, industrialist, and financier.

In each instance so far it has been a case of political leadership stepping in to save a situation that economic leadership had allowed to get out of hand. But this is the way profound historic change so often occurs. Emergencies arise. They are met. The situation dictates the action. And then, later, a new philosophy, that may have been generating for a decade in the minds of the theorists, is matured around the action with which the emergency was met.

This is what is happening now. Post-war capitalism ran into some very rough seas. Some force had to hold the economic order together. The state was the obvious force to act in the common interest. And, in the act of meeting the emergency, the state has everywhere come more and more into fields before dominated by private enterprise. In some countries, this has meant radical change in the structure and function of the state. In others, it has meant milder alterations. But everywhere the state takes on new significance. And now a new philosophy, common to all the experimental governments, no matter how widely they differ in other respects, is taking shape. For want of a better name, I have elsewhere called this philosophy a philosophy of statism.

We may set it down as inescapable that, in our generation, government will play a larger rather than a lesser role in the realm of economics whether the government is under liberal or conservative leadership. The peculiar circumstances of the power age make impossible any wholesale reversion of government to the simple police role in which it was cast at the outset of the Republic.

It does not follow, however, that the only choice open to us is, as some would have us believe, between an anarchic individualism and an all-embracing state. The problem upon which the genius and judgment of our generation should come to focus is the wise determination of the direction and degree of governmental activity in economic affairs that the new circumstances of an age of science, technology, and power production make imperative.

It is imperative, I think, that government shall play a determining role in the broad guidance of economic policy, but it will be suicidal, in my judgment, if we permit government to go beyond this broad guidance of economic policy to the intimate dictation of the detailed procedures of the nation's enterprise.

I believe profoundly that government must, in this complicated age, set the social ends that economic enterprise must serve. It must establish the prods and the penalties that will compel economic enterprise to serve these ends. But I have exactly no faith in the capacity of political government to give us either stability or progress when it sets out itself to run the show, whether it be the industrial or the agricultural show it sets out to run.

(*Continued on page* 58)

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• The World in Five Spheres •

BOOKS

FOR YEARS the Pulitzer Prize novels have been so much of a kind that amateur students of literary politics have grown adept at locating the prize winners long before they were announced.

In general, the Pulitzer Prize committee has had a reputation for caution; it could be expected to choose a widely-read novel rather than an unknown one of comparable merit. The belief persisted that if the committee faced the necessity of choosing between the work of a well-known writer and that of an unknown, the award would go to the former. It was also generally believed that the committee placed a higher value on works that revealed fine sentiments than on those that revealed a keen imagination or a careful craftsmanship.

Such assumptions may have been unjust; at least they were held by a good many observers, and the annual choices gave them a certain authority. But with the selection, this year, of Miss Josephine Johnson's *"Now in November,"* as the prize novel, another rock of certainty has crumbled; the prophets have been confounded and can hereafter be less positive about what the prize committee will do.

(*Continued on page* 58)

STAGE

JUNE on Broadway is a great month for promises. The most positive ones, most emphatically made, are those based on the certainty that the late theatrical season will run on through the summer. Then comes one of those sudden hot and humid days that characterize the New York weather in this period, and the optimistic dreams vanish like the mirage they are.

The normal theatrical fare with which to make money on Broadway in the summertime, according to the lessons of the many years up to now, is constituted by silly productions—the sillier the better. Of course there are some good substantial plays that have endured throughout the season as hits and that the visitors from out of town must see to be *au courant,* but for the sophisticates who want something new, the safe rule is to present them with bubbles of frivolity.

Even the august Theatre Guild unbends in cognizance of this, and ventures to present a summer *revue,* no less. Its title is *"Parade,"* its principal player is that current incarnation of the Pierrot spirit, Jimmy Savo, and with expected radical fervor its skits belabor the New Dealers, the capitalist structure and a few other targets dear to the Left. But whether because these subjects are too deadly serious or because the lampooners cannot preserve good nature in the act, the critics are generally agreed that the whole affair is pretty stodgy and dull.

A more experienced master of the Summer offering will display his pulchritudinous wares in the district soon after this publication appears on the stands—Earl Carroll, with his

(*Continued on page* 60)

RADIO

RADIO, for years a notorious plague-spot in a respectable community, has at last come under the censor's ban. Beginning immediately with new business, and as soon as contracts run out for existing business, the radio program of tomorrow will be a thing of such purity and taste that the tenderest moral sense cannot hope to be offended by it.

The fine minds that provide a nation's entertainment have confessed the error of their previous ways, and radio accordingly has undergone a purge for the good of its own soul, or the souls of its creators, and the spiritual health of the community. Unlike their nearest competitors, the movie makers, broadcasters did not wait for an aroused people to force the new purity upon them. The thing was done entirely on radio's own volition.

Casting about for avenues of self-improvement, the radio *entrepreneurs* found two fields where conditions were ripe for change—the children's program, and that great branch of radio art previously concerned with bodily functions. Both have been, according to radio's public confession, misleading, destructive and lewd; from now on they will be clean and devoted wholly to social upbuilding.

The source of this information is in the main a booklet just issued by

(*Continued on page* 62)

PRESS

TEMPORARY conditions frequently will arrest the most positive trends; and it may be expected that news of national politics, crowding to Page One of the dailies of the country as the Democratic Administration veers rapidly toward its next ordeal of Republican challenge, will for a time set aside what now shows as a striking change in the United States press.

It is the heavy appearance on Page One of foreign news. Not so long ago, intelligence concerning places overseas or even just across our two frontiers, went somewhere inside, beyond the editorials and the obituaries and even in many cases, apologetically into a ruled-off corner that was read only by odd-looking gentlemen with strange accents and upturned mustaches.

The movement of this foreign news, in the years since the Armistice, has been steadily forward to the daily's ventral surface—Page One is the front, of course, not the back.

(*Continued on page* 62)

SCREEN

THE GREAT popularity and power of the motion picture have produced a new humiliation for Broadway; they are taking away from New York the privilege of being first to see the very latest offerings in rational amusement. When the fine new feature talkies emerge from Hollywood, their first public showings apart from the Los Angeles previews, are in almost any place other than the great metropolis of the Empire State, which glimpses them freshly often as much as six weeks later.

A slow realization of this upsetting fact is at last dawning on those incredulous yokels who stroll the amusement district on the site of the old Longacre Farm; and they are

(*Continued on page* 60)

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Europe Buys In

Billions in public funds have gone to destroy our export markets. We are becoming an importing nation. But the money with which we make our purchases from overseas never leaves America. It is being used to buy in at bargain rates the debased values that we ourselves once bought from the foreigner at par.

by Sanford E. Stanton

THE UNITED STATES today is the bargain hunters' paradise. The good old American dollar is the lure. Its cheapness recommends it and Europe is taking full advantage of the situation. Europe is buying in.

At the close of 1934, American stocks and bonds, held in foreign countries, were valued at six billion dollars. In the first four months of the current year this total was further increased by many hundreds of million dollars. This is not guesswork but hard fact, based on an accurate census made by the Government itself, the information gathered from American corporations, banks and private banking companies.

Appraising the present situation, an economist of international reputation has declared privately to the writer that if the United States clings to the present sixty-cent dollar for five years, control of many of our major industries will have moved to Europe.

To risk any prophecy in these uncertain days borders on the foolhardy. But one need not attempt to be prophetic. Existing facts are sufficiently startling; and certainly, in the light of recent events, it is something more than astounding to find the United States Government embarked on a policy that not only encourages foreign capital to "buy in" but actually subsidizes the buyers.

We have cheapened our dollars by forty per cent, making them just that much easier to acquire. By drastic measures we have forbidden our producers to produce. And we have opened wide the doors of our home markets to the foreign producer, subsidized by his own country that he may turn out more. To our own producers we have said, "It is your surpluses which have destroyed your chance for gain," knowing full well that European nations are engaged in an unceasing campaign to aid their producers to accumulate surpluses and to open new markets for their disposal. We have likewise known that it was the American home market to which Europe instinctively turned in its search for a solution to the problem of surpluses.

Europe has made no effort to conceal its trade policy from us. France, in November of last year, publicly announced its intention of aiding its farmers to dispose of accumulated surpluses. Perhaps it was only a coincidence, but a small quantity of French-grown wheat did come into the United States directly thereafter. Poland has made no secret of its policy of providing subsidies for its growers of rye. And the United States Custom records disclose millions of bushels of Polish rye pouring into this country. Germany, as this is written, is preparing to double a tax comparable with the American processing impost, and has announced that the increased revenues to be gained from it will subsidize German exporters to leap any tariff wall that may be raised against them.

To see what has so suddenly changed the United States from an exporting to an importing nation, let us examine briefly the creation of the sixty-cent

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dollar. After all, the dollar never was anything but a guage of value. To give stability to that measurement we have always considered the dollar in relation to something—anything—so long as the item of comparison was of fixed character. For example, a dollar might be the equivalent of one bushel of wheat, one hundredweight of coal or one carat of diamond.

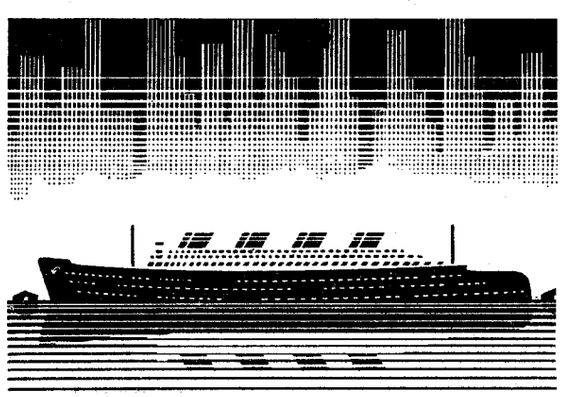
Arbitrarily, however, the Government said a dollar was equal to 25 8/10 grains of gold. So, nothing was simpler for the Government when it decided to make the dollar cheaper than to say, "From now on this piece of paper called a dollar shall be the equivalent of only 15 5/21 grains of gold." Suppose, instead of gold, wheat had been the measure of a dollar. Then the Government could have accomplished the same result merely by decreeing that henceforth one-half bushel of wheat was a dollar. In truth, that is what the Government did.

The Land of Opportunity

WHAT more natural then that Europe, stuffed to its borders with huge surpluses, the result of dumping millions of acres into cultivation, should then turn avid eyes on the United States and its bargain dollar? Where else today, save in the United States, could the United Kingdom, for example, find any profitable market for a surplus of butter? What other country, aside from the United States, turned the rifles of its constabulary on its livestock and the roots of its grains to the rays of the sun?

In 1934, thanks to the unhampered industry of the American farmer during the preceding year, there was imported into this country only a little more than one million pounds of butter. For it we paid the modest sum of $168,831. But look at the picture as 1935 gets under way. In January butter imports were 529,758 pounds—more than half the total of the entire preceding year. And, in February alone, butter imports totaled 2,767,918 pounds, for which we paid $521,107. Of these February shipments no less than 1,701,321 pounds, valued at $323,470, came solely from the United Kingdom. Yet, in 1934, not one pound of butter came into the United States from that source.

Europe was prompt enough in offering its surplus of commodities and accepted our cheap money in return. But our Government had expected Europe promptly to exchange it for such of our commodities as we had to sell. The expectation, to date, has not materialized to any appreciable extent. Instead, Europe, her pockets bulging with our cheap money, looked around for bargains. And they were not hard to find.



First, there were those stunning—the word is used advisedly—examples of the lithographer's art—Foreign Bonds. They were to be had by the bale. In the days when the 100-cent dollar was still the pride of the United States, these same bonds had been sold to our unwary investors for handsome sums. Now they could be repurchased at cut-rate prices.

Stripped of technical language, the situation as 1935 got well under way may be stated simply. Europe was producing at top speed. The United States had applied the brakes to production. Europe sought markets for rapidly accumulating surpluses. The United States said, "Send them to us." Europe accepted the invitation, exchanged her goods for our bargain dollars and then did one of three things:

1—Took the bargain dollars to re-purchase, at from ten to fifty cents on the dollar, the securities which only a few years before had been sold to us at par.
2—Purchased stocks and bonds of American industries which were engaged in refinancing operations.
3—Deposited the money in American banks, subject to withdrawal on demand.

The one thing Europe did not do, and is not doing now, was to use the bargain dollars to purchase American products at inflated prices. Henry Morgenthau, our Secretary of the Treasury, stated in a radio address on May 13 that "in place of paper under the operation of our new monetary policy, we have been receiving large shipments of gold and silver. Some of it came to settle trade balances and *some represents capital seeking refuge in our sound currency.*"

Two questions come naturally to mind at this point: Why did the American government open the trade doors of its home markets to a flood of foreign products? Wherein lies the danger?

Before the War

AS ANSWER to the first question it is necessary to look back for a moment over the trade balance record of our country. From 1896 to 1914, a period of 18 years, our exports totaled 31 billion dollars. Our imports were 22 billion dollars, giving a net excess of exports of approximately nine billion dollars. In that 18-year span the export peak was reached in 1913, when we sold $2,466,000,000 worth of our goods to foreign consumers. Then came the distorted world war period. Production in Europe was at a virtual standstill. The United States strove almost single-handed to clothe and feed the world.

From 1915 to 1922 our exports reached the amazing total of 47 billion dollars, lacking only a few million. On our part we purchased less than 26 billion dollars, in raw materials and finished products, giving us a trade balance for the period of a little over 21 billion dollars. The export peak of that period was reached in 1920 when we sold $8,225,000,000 of our goods abroad. Here, in turn, came the post-war period from 1923 to 1929. Exports continued to exceed imports by a comfortable margin each year,

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with 1929 the peak year, when exports totaled $5,241,000,000.

Then came the Depression. Our exports dropped from the 1929 peak to less than four billion dollars in 1930; to approximately two and a half billion in 1931 and to well below two billion dollars for 1932 and 1933. The figures for 1934 have just been made available. They show that the United States exported during the twelve months $2,133,000,000 in agricultural and manufactured products.

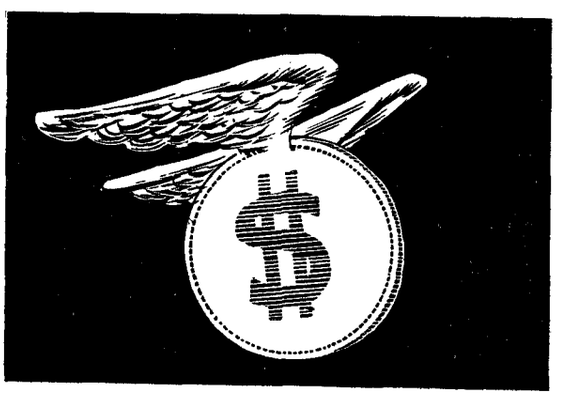
One important fact lies behind these statistics. The years of abnormal exports were the years when the United States was making abnormal loans to its foreign customers. They bought from us because we supplied them with the cash with which to purchase. The export figures for 1934 point to a resumption of foreign buying, but it is only because we are once again supplying, if not actual cash, its equivalent in the form of bargain dollars.

In the 1915-1922 period the Government lent our customers more than ten billion dollars. Private lenders added more than three billion dollars, and to help them further we re-purchased two and a half billion dollars of our own securities which were held abroad. Again, in the 1923-1929 period, we were the lender to the extent of more than seven billion dollars. Our loans halted with the beginning of the fourth period, running from 1930 to 1933, and our exports dropped like a plummet.

Including the Intangibles

THE cheap dollar which may be credited with stimulating the slight increase shown in exports for that year, must have reassured Europe that there was a Santa Claus after all. Was it not true that forty per cent less of their goods now was sufficient to acquire one of our sixty-cent dollars? Could they not well afford to spend at least a few of these easily acquired dollars for the things we had to sell? But lest you be misled by this seeming gain in our trade balance for the year, bear in mind that it exists as a result of the exchange of visible things only. When the invisibles of international trade—the expenditures of tourists, the remittances of emigrants, the heavy debits of service items such as charges for shipping and the like—are added, the balance of trade ceases to be so favorable. In fact, it disappears entirely to leave a debit of one billion dollars which measures exactly the extent to which Europe bought in, during just a single year.

Now all this is a matter of record. It is known to the government even better than to the public. Yet our foreign trade policy continues without change. No latter than last March both Secretary of State Cordell Hull and Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace declared that the United States must continue to buy more from abroad if we were ever to recapture an export market comparable to that of the boom days.



Those at the head of the Government's affairs know only one method to increase our exports—they cling to the belief that we must supply the cash. If that is not to be done by direct loans, then it can be done by making our dollar so cheap it may be acquired easily. Nor do they stop with that. It is not sufficient that we merely cheapen our dollar. We are required to raise our price levels and lower our tariff walls so that the dumping of goods from Europe, Asia, South America and the rest of the world may be carried on with a guaranteed profit.

Helping Outsiders to Profit

THIS policy was emphasized in a recent bulletin issued by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration which said, speaking of heavy imports from Argentina, "Our domestic prices now make it possible for the Argentina farmer to send his corn to the United States, pay freight and handling charges there, plus duty, plus handling and shipping charges here and still leave them a profit." Is it any wonder the rest of the world is "dumping" acreage on the home markets of the American farmer?

Now comes the second question. Why is this policy so dangerous to the United States? In answering it, and for a proper appraisal of the present, it becomes necessary to turn once more to the indelible record of the past. This is not the first time Europe has "bought in." There can be no basis for the claim that we neither know what is going on nor what may be expected to happen. The course has been well charted, the rocks and shoals plainly marked.

In *Bulletin No. 503,* issued by the Department of Commerce in 1927, are these significant statements: "On December 31, 1926, foreigners had on deposit in American banks about $1,443,000,000. Moreover, foreigners had on deposit with American agents and trustees, American stocks and bonds amounting to about $1,878,000,000." These figures grew in size rapidly. In 1929, the Department of Commerce *Bulletin No. 698* said, "The colossal sum of foreign deposits in this country is no longer news." Remember, for it is important in light of what is now transpiring, that we ourselves made the funds available with which foreigners accumulated stocks, bonds and bank deposits to such an amount that the Department of Commerce termed them "colossal."

On December 31, 1929, foreign countries had banking funds alone in the United States to the amount of $3,037,000,000. Recall again that these same kinds of deposits once more are rapidly accumulating in our banking institutions and then consider these figures, as taken from

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still more Department of Commerce reports: "Foreign withdrawals of banking funds in 1930 amounted to $300,000,000; in 1931 they totaled $1,272,000,000; in 1932 the total withdrawn was $595,000,000 and in 1933 it was $383,000,000."

What was the direct result? The precipitate withdrawal by foreigners of $2,550,000,000 in short-term banking funds, caused heavy inroads on our gold stocks. As gold flowed in a steady stream to foreign countries our banking system was demoralized. Bankers, in self-defense, began rapid liquidation. Loans were called and met, only at shattered prices. Europe had bought in, but it had felt no consequent responsibility for our national welfare. It raided our vaults at the precise moment of our greatest distress.

Will We Never Learn?

All this is historical fact. Yet, in all the world, the only ones who seem to have failed to sense the danger, to profit by the bitter lesson of the past, are those chiefly responsible for the present policies of our government in its relation to foreign trade. What has happened, can happen. The raiding of 1930, 1931 and 1932 can be repeated in the years to come—if we continue to make it possible for the situation of those days to repeat itself.

Aside from the dangerous potentialities of the course on which we are now embarked, there is the knowledge of its utter futility to accomplish the end desired. The basic idea back of the Government's policy has been to raise prices. As a short cut, it was felt that the quickest means to an end was to be found through cheaper money. The less people desired money, the more, it was expected, they would seek to acquire things. With the demand for things thus accelerated, it was felt that prices automatically would mount.

Perhaps, with inflation the theory will still work. Money may be made so valueless that the people will not want it under any consideration. But the money printing presses have not yet begun to turn, and the inflation of prices has been left to the artifices of a Wallace, armed with a processing tax. What the Government has succeeded in doing, however, is to destroy confidence, without which there can be no resumption of trade. What else could have been the result of the manner in which the United States dollar was cheapened?

Stop and consider this. Men, all over the world, prize gold. They have for centuries. When our Government decided to make the dollar cheaper, and reduced the amount of gold it was supposed to represent, there might have been a momentary shock and unquestionably there would have been dissatisfied grumbling but in the end men would have shrugged their shoulders and said: "well, after all, 15 5/21 grains isn't as much gold as I used to get for a dollar, but still it's gold."

But the Government had no intention of giving up 15 5/21 grains of gold for a dollar. It made that perfectly clear in two ways. First, it stopped printing on its bargain dollars a promise to redeem them in gold. Then, as an extra precaution, as though it was determined to anticipate one of those famous Supreme Court 5 to 4 decisions, it passed a law making it illegal for anyone to possess gold. Had it been deliberately intent upon the destruction of men's confidence in the value of its currency, the government could not have acted with greater shrewdness.

Now look for a moment at the results of all that has been done. Prices went up, only because they were forced up. The foreign exporter accepted our invitation to rush his goods into our market but declined to buy our products in return. Moreover, he refused to hold our bargain dollars in his hands longer than necessary. He could not trust them even to make the journey back to his own land. He had no confidence. He did the only thing with the cheap money that seemed to promise a modicum of security—used it to "buy in."

In the face of the conspicuous failure achieved to date from the various trade and monetary policies that have been tried, it is not unreasonable to wonder why no effort has been made to correct the situation—why, at least, something else has not been tried. Instead there has been a stubborn adherence that challenges understanding to a policy of failure.

So recently as the first of May, there was offered on that single day an amazing study in contrast between rival governments, each presumably striving toward the same end. The United States and Great Britain played the leading roles and steel was the pawn in the trade game they played. In the United States and in Great Britain steel is a basic industry. On it rest long lines of affiliated activities. Of the so-termed "heavy industries," steel is most important. The steel market is highly prized and eagerly sought.

The Story of Steel

In Great Britain, the continental steel makers, organized into a trading agreement or cartel, provided a constant threat, with Belgium the most feared competitor. For four years the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain sought an agreement with the European steel cartel to end ruinous competition and protect their own home market. But it was not until the British government last March imposed a prohibitive duty on steel products that the European cartel would listen to reason. May 1, the British Iron and Steel Institute announced that on the promise of Great Britain to suspend its extra tariff impost on steel, the cartel had come to an agreement which insured protection for the British home steel market. There was great rejoicing among the steel makers of Great Britain. Their government had played the game and made it possible for them to get the protection they needed.

Now turn to the United States on the first of May. On that self-same day we entered into an agreement with Belgium whereby we lowered the tariff on Belgian steel along with many other products. The excuse was that thereby we would encourage Belgium to buy more from us. It was and is just a hope, mind you—a fantastic hope, tried and abandoned by Great Britain. There is no guarantee

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that the plan will work. There is ample evidence that it will not work.

But what will be the effect on our own already hard-pressed steel mills, struggling to keep their fires burning and their thousands of loyal workers off the relief roles? What can be the effect? Does it mean anything else than that the steel industry of America now faces a new and avaricious competitor who bears a specially worded invitation which reads in effect, "come and get it?"

This single example serves to illustrate the exact and, in the minds of many, dangerous defect in the reasoning of those who have been entrusted with the delicate task of leading the United States back to a state of normal prosperity. While those who frame our national policies are so intent upon raising the standard of living throughout the rest of the world, they are seeing the problems of their own country through astigmatic eyes with results as confusing as they are discouraging.

No thought seems to have been given to the fact that the decline of American exports is undoubtedly the result of our present position as a creditor nation, among other things. We expect, and properly, large payments of principal and interest from the same sources from which we seek an active market for our commodities. We are in the position of eating the cake and wanting it, too. Moreover, with our huge loans of billions of dollars, we have for years aided our former customers to become self-sufficient. The United States is no longer the provider nor the storehouse of the world. While we, in pursuit of a strange policy founded on an economy of scarcity, have plowed under 36,000,000 acres of tillable land, Europe has dumped twice that acreage into intensified production. How can we continue to be so blind to realities?

They Can't Be Forced to Buy

We can continue indefinitely tearing down the protective barriers which have stood for so many years. We can continue to throw open the home markets of this country to the eager nations of the world. We can continue to turn millions of dollars from the pockets of American producers to fill the purses of those abroad. But we cannot make our foreign neighbors buy commodities from us unless they can do so at an advantage to themselves.

As a matter of fact those who have devoted their lives to the building of America's industrial greatness, know that our export business was founded solely upon sheer merit. Foreign countries bought from us either because we had something to sell which they could not produce or because we could produce something better and cheaper than they could themselves. Why not face these facts? Why continue to beat our industrial heads against an economic wall that can leave them only bloody and bowed?

The prosperity of the United States never did depend upon the size of its export business. The great market for the American farmer and the American manufacturer is the home market of the United States. Why throw it away? Admittedly, there was a time, and not so long back, when forty per cent of that home market had been all but destroyed. The purchasing power of the American farmer had been reduced to the vanishing point. Without quibble, there was desperate need to restore the purchasing power of the farmer. But why, in all common sense, raise prices to a normal level for the benefit of our foreign competitors in order to supply them with the necessary funds, once more to buy their way in. After all, how is the purchasing power of the farmer to be restored by these higher prices when that self-same farmer has been induced, under pressure, to destroy his product—the only thing he ever had to sell.

And They Leave Us Out

The balance of the world committed itself to a policy of self-containment years ago. Only recently it was estimated there are now in existence no less than 180 trade agreements executed by foreign governments, each and every one of which have one single outstanding characteristic—they leave the United States out of the picture. Why not accept the situation? If the world is to return to the straight barter and self-contained basis that marked that period of our world trade from 1896 to 1914, why should not the United States do likewise?

It is the sheerest folly to overlook the fact that billions of American dollars have gone to destroy the very export markets we are now so vainly pursuing. By the end of 1933 more than seven billion dollars had moved abroad for the development of manufacturing units of our own industries. True, the profits return. But the purchasing power of the labor they employ is gone forever. With scarcely an exception, there is not one large industry in the United States, formerly engaged in the manufacture of goods for export, that now does not have one or more units in foreign countries. The Canadian figures tell the story clearly. January 1, 1930, the United States had 1,071 branch plants operating in Canada. They represented an investment of $1,900,000,000. By contrast, Great Britain had only 172 branch plants in the Dominion, and they represented a mere $199,000,000.

The truth of the matter is we are pursuing a mirage. The export market for which we, as a nation are being called upon to make such tremendous sacrifices, does not exist. That Europe no longer buys from us is not because of lack of cash. Since 1929, Europe has never lacked for the cash to buy—if she wanted to buy. In that span of years between 1923 and 1929, we lent Europe more than seven billion dollars. Of those borrowings, Europe spent in our markets only two and a half billion dollars. The balance was used for the purpose of "buying in."

There is an important move afoot in this country in the cause of adult education. Here is a subject that calls for a full time professor.

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A Hail from Selassiè

The unhappy Emperor of the oldest Christian country looks to America for escape from Mussolini's deep plan to restore the vast African empire of the Caesars. But his good luck lies in the Italian threat to the Nile, and it may be England that will save him. A brilliant study of the day's gravest international crisis.

by Richard Barry

WHY should the United States be interested in that remote land in the east center of Africa —Abyssinia? It has never had a depression; it has never even considered the unemployment problem; it has no national debt; it has never had a famine; it is several thousand years behind us and more than ten thousand miles away.

Still, there *are* good trade reasons, five of them, and a diplomatic sixth (world affairs being what they are)—as well as a seventh. Let us start with the seventh.

This is only for Christians. Historians accept the Ethiopian version of the Messianic revelation which asserts that a few years after the Crucifixion of Christ the Apostle St. Mark (in person, not an echo) journeyed south in Africa and discovered, just above the equator, a salubrious tableland not unlike our New Mexico, inhabited by a people whose blood was a mingling of Hebrew, Arab and Negro strains, and who were ruled by a dynasty tracing descent to the Queen of Sheba and to Solomon, although this illustrious ancestry was only a way station, for the line went back to the dawn of history. St. Mark converted the court; the court converted the people and Abyssinia has been Christian since. One in three is a Coptic priest.

This fact is slightly embarassing to Mussolini, for with no Italian Christian missionaries it is not possible for the "savages" to slay one; and when no missionaries are slain in desirable lands which contain gold, platinum, and other trading privileges, besides having great potentialities for the growing of cotton and other staples, then one of the most plausible reasons for invasion and seizure is removed. Nevertheless, Mussolini is not discouraged and is working on a good substitute. But of that later.

There are many strange things about Abyssinia. However, better not call it that, for the name means "mixed race" in Amharic and is offensive to the people—so much so that when Hailè Selassiè was crowned Emperor in 1930, the American Special Ambassador, H. Murray Jacoby, who was present, reported the preference for "Ethiopia" as it is now known diplomatically. The strange things fill books; but none is stranger than the effect Christianity didn't have on it.

For instance, consider the well recognized effect of Christianity on the United States in producing bathtubs, electric lights, motor cars, radio, and airplanes, to say nothing of our financial system and political ethics, and ignoring machine guns, poison gas and a navy as strong as anyone's. All these inventions and blessings, the potent corollaries of the world's most powerful religion, have skipped Ethiopia entirely. It is indeed strange, for their Christianity is far older than ours, if seniority counts for anything.

Now let us get at the business reasons why the United States should take an interest in this far distant land. To sketch them lightly they are:

Cotton. Many students of the subject assert

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that the most favorable place on earth to grow cotton, if we omit the American southwest, is the Valley of the Nile; but water there is a big problem. The source of the Blue Nile is in Ethiopia, where it flows through Lake Tsana, forty by fifty miles in extent, a vast body of most desirable water —liquid gold if it can be laid down under control on the bosom of Egypt and the Sudan which lie below to the north.

There seems to be comparatively little trouble about getting the water. An American firm, the J. G. White Engineering Company, has made a survey at the request of Emperor Selassiè, for which the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan government paid the bill, and it is reported that the cost of the proposed dam will be around $10,000,000, while a road from Addis Ababa to the Lake may be built for a similar sum. The Emperor is only too eager to make a contract with the British and Egyptian governments if they will have this work done by American engineers and use the water. Naturally he expects them to pay for it, but he says he will adjudicate the price. Why does not Britain push through the deal, which is obviously desirable? The answer can only be surmised. We come to that later.

The implications of the ultimate cultivation of the cotton lands of Egypt and the Sudan to the United States are more obvious. At present the district produces only about 200,000 bales of cotton every second year. When the irrigation project is through it may produce ten times that *every* year, *or more*. This cotton will be produced so cheaply that American cotton cannot compete with it. That means something in the not far distant future to the 12,000,000 persons in the South who depend on cotton and to the textile millions of our North and East.

Motor cars. At present it costs about $6,000 to lay down at Addis Ababa a tractor which at Detroit is worth $600. In all Ethiopia there are less than a thousand motor cars, and of these fifty-seven per cent are of American make; but there is not one resident American agent. The Emperor would like to alter this, as he wants to extend the motor roads which now exist only for a few hundred miles around the capital. It is not now possible to enter or leave the country except across trackless waste, and the motor cars are all imported over the single-track, archaic French railway to Djibuti.

Selassiè has no capital of his own, nor road building machinery, nor knowledge of how to build. Mussolini is anxious to solve this problem for him and construct Italian roads, but the Emperor would prefer to have Americans do it, in which event he would have no colonization projects to fear.

Durable goods. A country crying for roads, bridges, dams, permanent buildings; a country more than a mile high and about twice the size of our own California, with a population of perhaps fifteen millions—there has never been a census, and the guesses as to population range from six to twenty-five millions—is a great potential market for the items in which the United States has no effective competitor, for example road building machinery, steel, and the like.

In metals, especially, Ethiopia is the richest undeveloped region on earth today. Superficially it is an agricultural country, but *under* the surface it is perhaps as rich as Mexico. It has platinum, gold, silver and copper. There are plenty of attractions of that sort in Ethiopia, and similar ones have motivated many invasions of other countries down the centuries from time immemorial.

Munitions. Now we approach headlines. In January of 1935 the Emperor, with an official entourage, went to the railway station in Addis to welcome an arrival of importance. It was two million rounds of ammunition.

What right has the Emperor of Ethiopia, sitting on the only throne on earth which has never been conquered, to receive munitions of war? He is entirely surrounded by European nations. On every side his land is bounded by the African possessions of Great Britain, France and Italy. These three nations agreed more than twenty years ago, and Hailè Selassiè, then Ras Tafari, the Regent, agreed, that no munitions of war should enter Ethiopia without their approval. Britain, France and Italy declared that they were fully competent to guard his borders. He was a poor monarch and munitions cost money, they said.

This shipment of last January came over the French railway, in which the Italians have a twenty per cent interest. Where did it come from? Deponent sayeth not. Nevertheless, it was throwing more fuel on a bad war scare. When Mussolini found it out things began to pop. How he could have failed to know it before he publicly found out is inexplicable, but in Africa practically all news sources are in inspired hands.

The Italian Ley de Fuga

THAT Italian twenty per cent interest in the railway was secured after years of negotiation and some local difficulties; and its very purpose was to gain a secure knowledge if not entire control of all shipments to Ethiopia. There is no other railway. Letting in two million rounds of ammunition might be one way of giving the Ethiopians something with which to express their feelings in the event of border "incidents" occurring.

The method is reminiscent of the Spanish *ley de fuga*. When the Spanish military have a prisoner of whom they want to be rid, they leave the door open. If he runs it is just too bad, and if he doesn't—well, he's out of luck anyway. The report of his death will contain a legalistic reference to the law of flight, and so the matter will end—save for relatives.

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This particular shipment of ammunition to Ethiopia is mentioned only because it became conspicuous. Doubtless there has been much more. On May 9 in Rome, and to the great excitation of an Italian populace, the former governor of Italian Eritrea and Somaliland charged that the Ethiopian army is equipped with 325,000 men, plenty of small arms and ammunition, 136 field guns and 210 machine guns. The next day the Italian chauvinistic press was full of accounts of the taking of poison gas made in Germany into Ethiopia by camel train.

Munitions from Neutrals

WHENCE came the munitions? The *Forze Amate* of Rome says they came from factories in Sweden, Spain, Belgium and Germany. The raw materials used in the Swedish and Spanish factories are partly purchased in the United States. Italy, London alleges, buys powder in Wilmington, steel in Bessemer and less obvious materials elsewhere in America. So it appears that we now may be back again in the same old business of selling war munitions to both sides, and this only in preparation. What will it be when the war is on? Will it be the same old vicious circle—from '14 to '16? After '16 came April, 1917. I restrict myself to a statement of facts, and only invite speculation, but I repeat—is the United States not interested in Ethiopia?

The Listening Post. Can the Next World War start in Ethiopia? One answer is this: who knew before 1914 that the last one would start in Serbia? And here is a tip on the world significance of Ethiopia. Take it from the American State Department, which is an agency specializing in foreign affairs and always eager for exclusive, advance information.

For a dozen years, or more, just past, the State Department got much of its first hand information about Manchuria from a consular officer named George Hanson, stationed successively at Chefoo, Shanghai, Harbin and Vladivostok. Hanson learned Chinese, knew the natives, studied the implications of the local situation from the soil, mixed with the leading foreign nationals involved —Japanese, Chinese, Russian, British and French —and was the State Department's Listening Post on the Field while Manchuria was changed over into Manchukuo; a business packed with international dynamite, as all may remember.

For many years the United States has been represented in Addis Ababa by Addison Southard, but in February, just after Mussolini was so piously horrified at the discovery of war munitions among the bucolic Ethiopians, Mr. Southard was "advanced" to a post in Stockholm, where life is refined and somewhat static, with little prospect of change; and in his place in Ethiopia was appointed the hard-bitten, deep-seeing, war-inured George Hanson, late of Harbin and Chefoo. Mr. Hanson is expected to arrive in Addis, to begin his duties, in June, and as this is June, may be in Addis now.

The American State Department may not be in step with the League of Nations, but at least it agrees with the chancelleries of the nations in the League that the world's next Manchukuo probably will be Ethiopia. As to the outcome there are two schools of thought. The predominant one is that *Il Duce* will repeat Japan's establishment of a protectorate over the unorganized rich neighbor, but probably at a price similar to that stiff one paid by Britain when she hopped the Boers. The other school takes the long odds, and says that Mussolini is starting something that will get out of hand, and Italy will end as Russia did when she stubbed her toe over Serbia.

Let us assess the forces, and try to extract the time lag from the immediate future.

At once we come to the most apparent difference between Manchuria and Ethiopia. In Asia there was no single important man to oppose Japan in her design of conquest. In Africa there is Ras Tafari, the personage known now as Hailè Selassiè—and that, in his own tongue, means "The Power of the Trinity." No one can tell fifteen or twenty million Ethiopians that The Power of the Trinity is not the Light of the World and the King of Kings. Elsewhere there is solidifying a consensus that Hailè Selassiè may be a great man. This may become more apparent in the course of the coming months.

What a vivid little personage he is! Five feet two in height, if he were a boxer he could go after the bantam title, at 116 pounds, yet his telling contest is to be in a subtler realm than any physical arena. He has served an apprenticeship in fighting, for, although of royal blood, he is a self-made monarch. He had to battle his way to the throne; and doubtless he will fight as desperately to maintain it as have any of his 340 predecessors.

Raring to Go

WHEN Hailè Selassiè goes out to war his problem is not one of what troops to call to the colors. He has no draft board. Every male in the land clamors for a chance. When he reviews the troops he is obliged to pitch his tent on a cliff so steep no horse can climb it; otherwise his warriors fiercely ride in, overwhelmed with exuberance, to prove to him their fierce mettle and their loyalty, and to demand that they be sent to the front line.

Make no mistake about it, these Ethiopians are not Chinese. They do not take their religion sitting down. Their Christianity is better than Mohammedanism, and they have proved it on many a hard fought field for more than thirteen hundred years. They have less use for pagans than for Mohammedans, and they believe that Romans are pagans. As the oldest Christian nation, deriving their religion from an original Church Father,

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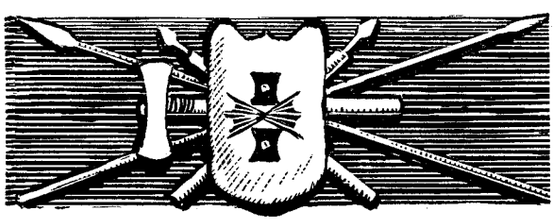
they don't feel any need of Christian missionaries.

The real reason, however, that the country has never been conquered lies not only in the spirit of the people. It is in the topography. As the Ethiopian National Anthem puts it:

"We fear not the invader;
Our mountains are our defense."

Consider what Mussolini faces. He has his choice of entry by either of two routes—by Eritrea, an Italian colony on the northeast or by Italian Somaliland on the southeast. If he goes by Eritrea he will have to pass through the Hell Hole of Creation, where there is no water and through which no white man ever got alive until very recently. Moreover it is inhabited by tribesmen who shoot poisoned arrows. After he is through 300 miles of that he comes to mountain passes which make the Alps look like foothills, and with every crag inhabited by a native sharpshooter.

If he prefers Somaliland the water haul is longer, but he can avoid the Hell Hole. In its place he will find 300 miles of desert and then worse mountain passes; these make the entrance to Tibet fairly simple, in comparison. And no water. If he could go in the easiest way, by the west, through British possessions (which he can't), he would have to go up the Valley of the Blue Nile through a canyon so wide and deep that the Grand Canyon of the Colorado could be lost in it without any trouble.



Bearing in mind this Ethiopian topography, and the Christian soldiers who are marching onward in it, it becomes readily apparent why Mussolini's face was grave and his tone stern as he advised his people in April they "must prepare for hardships."

The American nation had (and has) a soldier named Pershing. With an expeditionary force he went to Europe and made for himself a name to which he had not added lustre when he had a similar expeditionary force chasing one elusive person named Villa. Guerilla warfare has always been the despair of trained soldiers and efficient nations. Caesar gave it up. We turned tail in Mexico. The British have always sidestepped it in Afghanistan.

More Honorable than the League

WHY does Mussolini persist? He says it is "an affair of national honor." This honor is too honorable for the adjudication of the League of Nations. In fact, nothing will satisfy it except the conquest of Ethiopia.

Where has the Italian "honor" been hurt? The "incident" of current protest occurred last December, 1934, at Ualual, about 80 miles from the border of Italian Somaliland on the Ethiopian sands where an Italian detachment was attacked by a band of these "wild marauders." In Manchuria the Japanese called them "Chinese bandits." The tribesmen lost 140, but the Italians only 30, a strange disparity, but understandable when it is known the natives went up against trenches, machine guns, airplanes and a permanent building.

A permanent building on Ethiopian soil! Why? The Italians were drilling a well. That is all. A peaceful pursuit, and these "wild marauders" attacked them and were repulsed, and then the Italians chased them far off. What of it if some Italian planes were obliged to go into Ethiopia to make sure of the job? Now, the Italian "case" is that Ualual is on Italian soil.

They Were Not Marauders

THE documents concerning this "incident" lie before me—the authentic Ethiopian "white book" submitted on May 20 to the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva. It is a voluminous record, but the gist is that Ualual is not in Somaliland, and that the Ethiopians were not "wild marauders," but a detachment from Hailè Selassiè's army. Moreover, the Ethiopians have a witness, Colonel Clifford of the British army. He was with them.

Hailè Selassiè is only too willing to have the question settled by the League; he'd prefer it to almost any other arbitration. Not Mussolini. He never wanted the Ethiopians in the League anyway. They got in more than ten years ago before he was as strong as he became later. Even then he objected that Ethiopia was not fit for the League because slavery existed in parts of the Empire. Selassiè (then Ras Tafari) fixed this by abolishing slavery.

When the Ethiopian slaves were freed they refused to leave their former masters and refused to work any more. "Are we not free?" they said, "now you must support us and we will loaf." The Ethiopian masters are struggling with that problem, but no matter; slavery is abolished there and the nation is admitted to the League.

The League is bound to hear Ethiopia's case, even if not too quickly or too clearly—because if it does either, Italy will withdraw. Britain does not want Italy out of the League, Italy's presence being useful to her for talking purposes. At the same time, as Mussolini stated May 25, the arbitration "is limited . . . to the incident of Ualual."

It is not expected that "Italian honor" will wait long for action—no longer than until the rains are over in September. Meanwhile the last words of Marshall Pilsudski to Lord Eden are recalled. "You British," said the dying Pole, "are strong on advising other nations, but when it comes to taking responsibility you always withdraw into your splendid isolation." Which may be a light on the current "protests" emanating from both the British press and Downing street against any Italian advance in Ethiopia.

The British advise Mussolini to stay out. Moreover, they will doubtless caution him and "view

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with alarm"; but they won't close the Suez Canal to Italian troop ships, which would cut the throat of the whole business, as there is no other way of getting to the Italian colonies from which the expeditions must start. Meanwhile, the British postpone dealing with Selassiè for purchase of the water from Lake Tsana, which he is only too eager to sell, for he cannot use it himself. But why pay for something which Mussolini might give them for "nothing" if he can establish a protectorate over Ethiopia?

Mussolini made his peace with France before even contemplating Ethiopia, for it was France in 1896 which helped Menelik whip the Italians, and there is no use starting with that fence down. The Italian-French pact has been years in the making, but only last November did Laval and Mussolini seal it properly when the mutual agreement was reached to stand firmly together against Germany. Right after that, by a strange coincidence, the Ualual "incident" occurred.

Other "incidents" may occur at any moment. It it not necessary for an Italian to be involved. Some native, claiming Italian citizenship, may have a spear driven into him by another native near the border and then the fat is in the fire again.

To judge adequately of the "putsch" behind the whole drive we must take a forty-five year view of Italian "honor," as well as of the colonizing cauldron stewing all that time in the boot of Europe.

The Mussolini of the 1890's was Crispi. He had his fascist ideas, too, though not the name. To heat the ideas he permitted followers to inflame the peasantry with tales of colonizing Africa. He did not actually intend invasion, but the yeast he permitted worked beyond his control and he was forced to declare war, which brought him to political ruin when the Italians were defeated at Adowa.

Mussolini has followed the Crispi line. At first he permitted the African yeast to work without practical intent, but when he saw where it was leading him he stepped in front and accepted the war with Ethiopia as his fate. On its fortune will hang the destiny of Mussolini. He has builded with greater care than did Crispi.

Feeding a Grudge

ALWAYS a deeper instinct has been at work—the base of the "honor" psychosis. The roots of the Italian *revanche* lie in the repeatedly whispered tales of mutilation of Italian youths by Abyssianians in the 1896 campaign. True or not, these tales are Mussolini's "Belgian atrocities." They have built up the sense of "Italian honor" which cannot be arbitrated.

To conquer the Conquering Lion of Judah *Il Duce* is prepared to give 250,000 Italian soldiers, $800,000,000 of Italian money, two years of time—and what else it may take.

Selassiè is on a spot and he knows it. He has no illusions as to his ability to survive a prolonged combat with Mussolini unless he can find something in addition to the undoubted ferocity of his primitive braves. If the League of Nations fails him (as it most surely will), where can be look? To Germany, which doubtless is eager to help, or perhaps to Japan, also eager? But what can either do for him? Germany may disturb Austria and so hamstring Italy; that is his most promising prospect.

Yet Selassiè has his mountains, and, fortunately, his tribesmen have not traveled in Europe, as he has. They have not the slightest doubt of the outcome or fear of the Italians. In the language of "Sunset" Cox in the House of Representatives at Washington nearly a century ago, they "will welcome the invaders with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

Mussolini holds that the Ualual "incident" can be taken care of under provisions of the Treaty of 1928 through commissioners. He has appointed two and on May 16 Selassiè appointed two, one French and an American, Mr. Pitman B. Potter. These are to select a fifth. The possibilities of postponement in this arbitration are so great that Selassiè, realizing full well the meaning in the landing of over 100,000 Italian troops in Somaliland and Eritrea, even before commissioners are appointed, places more reliance on Geneva.

Sir John Simon was queried in Parliament by Geoffrey L. Mander, M.P. as to why Britain did not take effective steps (*i. e.* closing the Suez Canal) to prevent the Italian advance, in conformity with British rights as outlined in the treaty of 1908 with Italy and France in which the independence and neutrality of Ethiopia was guaranteed. The Foreign Secretary ignored the query.

However, there is doubtless deep thinking going on over the subject of Ethiopia in the British Foreign Office. They must know about the three steps in Mussolini's major objective, namely: (1), the present campaign, only in embryo, which contemplates eventually controlling a road, probably largely motor, from Eritrea across Ethiopia to Italian Somaliland, via Addis Ababa. This will drive the Italian spearhead into the rich plateau and carry Mussolini farther into Africa than any Caesar went; but an inevitable consequence will be, (2), absorption of French Somaliland, which is of slight value to France, and which she will doubtless "sell" at a reasonable price, the unexpressed items of which will be continued European federation against Germany and guarantees of integrity in French North Africa. Thus the Italians will have Djibouti, now French, and the Straits of Aden, placing Italy on a parity with England in the Red Sea, after which comes (3), a Corridor, or more, through the Sudan, linking Italian North Africa directly with the Mediterranean, bringing Italy back to the full vigor of ancient Rome, and giving her almost everything good in Africa across the Mediterranean.

If the Rhine is England's frontier on the north, the Nile is her frontier on the south, and the real implication of Mussolini's present stand is a threat against the Nile. No wonder Britain "views with alarm" and staunchly affirms the sanctity of the League of Nations. But will she close the Canal? Mussolini told her, in words only slightly veiled, in his declaration before the Italian Senate, on May 15, that this would be considered an act of war. Will Britain go to war—in 1935—to "save" Ethiopia?

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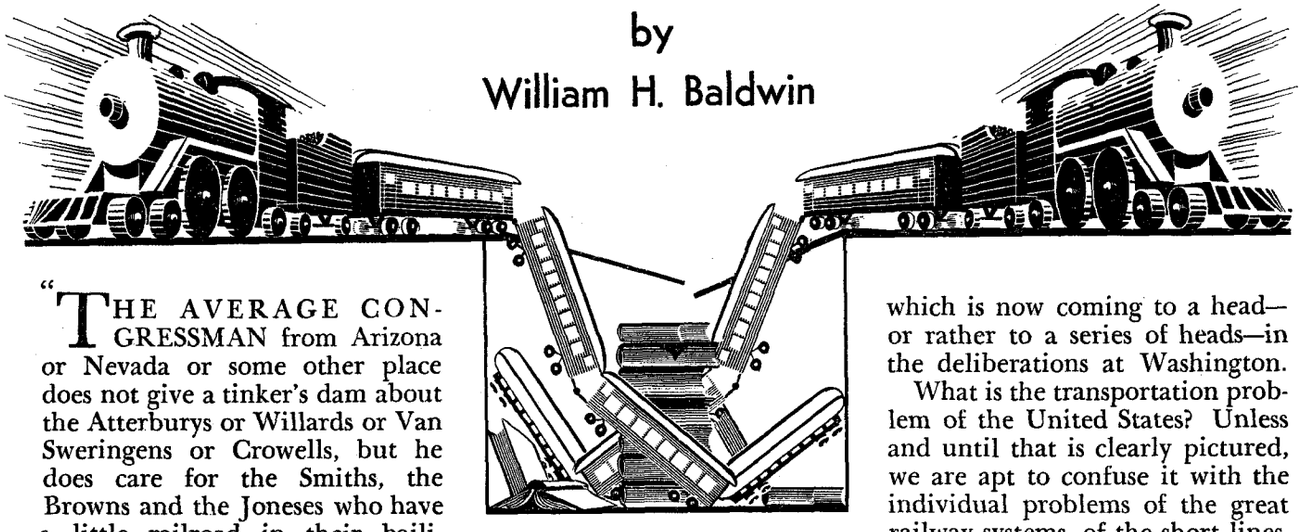
Where End the Short Lines?

The bill recently introduced by Senator Wheeler to nationalize American railways leaves 570 short lines of the United States to shift for themselves. Their fate involves that of the towns, villages, industries and farms dependent on them for their kind of service.

by
William H. Baldwin



"THE AVERAGE CONGRESSMAN from Arizona or Nevada or some other place does not give a tinker's dam about the Atterburys or Willards or Van Sweringens or Crowells, but he does care for the Smiths, the Browns and the Joneses who have a little railroad in their bailiwick, who have small machine shops to employ a small number of men, and they listen to that type."

This paragraph from a speech before the twentieth annual convention of The American Short Line Railroad Association last summer is more than timely now that these roads approach a legislative fight for their lives. Furthermore, it is a reminder to the public at large that the problem of the railroads goes beyond that of the titans of railway operation and finance, and that it comes home to many a town and flag station far removed from the main arteries of passenger traffic and of freight transportation.

Here are railroads which do not figure in the activities or the investigations of the Wall Street banking groups and which are not listed in the investment portfolios of the savings banks and insurance companies, but which nevertheless do figure most importantly in what may be termed the *liquidity* of the nation as a whole. Because they are stripped of these extraneous matters, they offer a clear insight into the transportation problem which is now coming to a head—or rather to a series of heads—in the deliberations at Washington.

What is the transportation problem of the United States? Unless and until that is clearly pictured, we are apt to confuse it with the individual problems of the great railway systems, of the short lines, of automotive transport, of air lines and of coastwise and river shipping.

The primary function of transportation in a country so broad, so well populated and so highly industrialized as ours, is to assure at all times and under all conditions of weather the movement of products and people with reasonable speed and efficiency and at a reasonable cost which is available to all without discrimination in any given community. Only thus can Florida attract winter visitors from the Twin Cities of Minnesota; only thus can California sell fresh fruits and vegetables to New Yorkers; only thus can fair competition be maintained within communities. This liquidity permits each section of the country to make the best of its potentialities and knits together what would otherwise be an unwieldy area. To develop and maintain that liquidity is the basic national interest in transportation.

Until recently we Americans considered transportation as synonymous with railroads. Their superiority over previous types of transport estab-

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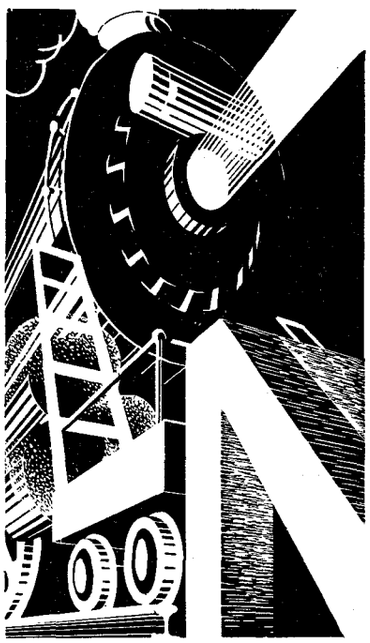
lished them in a monopolistic position from coast to coast, in many instances the railroads successfully paralleling navigable rivers. Only along the coasts and on the Great Lakes was shipping able to offer any real degree of competition. Ten or a dozen years ago, however, automotive transport began to figure as a competitor. Its first manifestation was in the "jitneys" which began to raise havoc with the business of street car lines and established bus routes in various cities. Nowadays one cannot go through the business centers of cities or along the State highways without seeing huge passenger busses marked for far-off destinations and great trucks and trailers carrying the license tags of distant States.



Then Lindbergh flew the Atlantic and Amelia Earhart followed suit, and pretty soon business men began using the airways to speed up their own travel and the shipment of important papers and currency. Airmail stamps rapidly changed from the prize possessions of philatelists to the commonplace of correspondence. Also, interest had been revived in the waterways, and paternalistic governments had rehabilitated almost forgotten barge canals and instituted services on the Mississippi. A plan still tenaciously kept alive by the federal Administration would create a brand new artery through development of the St. Lawrence River project.

This rapid evolution of transportation facilities has been accepted by the general public as a convenient fact without the inevitable corollary acceptance that it may have a distinctly inconvenient significance to national welfare unless these various facilities are properly coördinated and controlled. If we stop to analyze our interest in transportation we find that the chief factor is certainty; for to keep in business the year 'round the nation must have service the year 'round. Novelty, speed and even cheapness of transport must remain subordinate to certainty.

Year 'Round Dependability

IF A LOVED one becomes seriously ill in a distant city, it is great to have an air service available to speed us out there; but, if weather conditions happen to prohibit flying, we cannot walk. If a St. Lawrence waterway will permit us to put a cargo of sugar into Chicago at an important saving in freight charges in summer, that also is great; but what if we can make a good sale of sugar out there in January? If we locate a factory where we can truck our products out cheaply, what happens when we need a new boiler or other equipment too heavy and bulky to be brought in by truck?

These questions may sound like grammar school material; but, so long as the public's attitude towards its transportation problem is that of a Montessori kindergarten, it is well not to get too far ahead of current mass thinking. The railroads are the one great common denominator of American commerce, and there is no indication that any other type of transportation—or even that any combination of these other types—will supplant the railroads within any span of the future that can interest us. Here is no question of railroad securities underlying the invested savings of widows and orphans. Here is no question of the railroads as large employers or as important customers of the heavy industries. Here is the bald fact that, if the railroads are strangled by over-regulation and by unregulated and largely irresponsible competition from other sources, we are not going to find them in a position to function when we, both as producers and as consumers, most want them. Their disintegration means the disintegration of the United States towards parochial chaos.

This is a situation which is most easily appreciated in terms of the short line roads. They are the ones which, due to the enormous development of hard surfaced highways, are most vulnerable to automotive competition. Their failure means that one community after another will be restricted to a 10-ton size as against the potentialities inherent in 90-ton freight cars. Their failure will also mean the constriction of the "watershed" from which the trunk lines and big railway systems draw their revenue.

What is a "short line railroad?" The Interstate Commerce Commission makes no definition but groups the railroads of the country into Classes I, II and III and Circular Railroads. These categories are based on gross revenues, Class I including all railroads which do a combined passenger and freight business of $1,000,000 or more each year. The Circular Railroads are not belt lines, as their classification implies; they are the roads which are so small that they do not have to submit formal, detailed reports to the Commission, but file circulars.

Although The American Short Line Railroad Association has been organized for the past twenty years and has a membership of 327 lines, its constitution and by-laws include no definition of what a "short line" is. A special report prepared by the executive board of the Association is addressed not only to members of that organization but also *"To Owners and Officials of All Short and Weak Railroads."* However, Mr. W. L. White, president of the Association, has given his own definition in a recent speech in which he said:

> I have often been asked to define a short line railroad, and the most apt description I have ever heard is a road that is short in both mileage and revenues. Generally speaking, however, a short line

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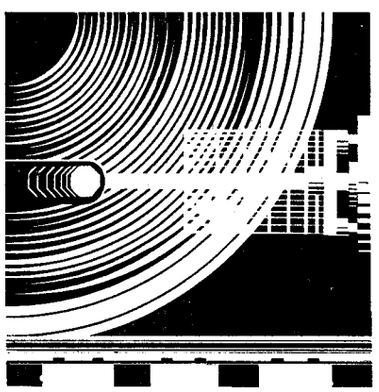
is one that is classified by the Interstate Commerce Commission as a Class II or Class III line—a road having gross annual revenues of less than one million dollars. This description is not very definite, but it is the best broad classification that we have.

There are approximately 570 of such roads, representing in round figures 15,000 miles of track located in forty-six States of the Union, serving 12,000 communities and industries, and furnishing transportation to a large territory, much of which is in the process of development. They are the pathfinders and the developers of the great transportation systems of the country. They are the ones that go into undeveloped territory and render modern facilities for transportation.

A large proportion of this mileage was originally constructed to move mineral, forest and farm products out of the regions that were then inaccessible. Villages, towns and farming communities were gradually founded and hundreds of important industries were established; all of which are now dependent on the short line railways.

In this general description Mr. White emphasizes the shortness of these lines and of their revenues. He brings out only by implication the really significant dimension, and that is that however short these railroads may be, they are just as *broad* as the mightiest of the Class I systems. In other words, they are standard gauge and therefore can originate and receive on their lines both freight and passenger cars bound for any part of the United States or coming from any point in the great area. Illustrative of this basic fact is an exhibit submitted by the transcontinental railroads to the ICC, in which it was shown that approximately 55 per cent of the eastbound tonnage, 20 per cent of the westbound, and 47.5 per cent of all the transcontinental traffic either originated or terminated on branch or short lines in the transcontinental United States territory.

Another point to bear in mind is that the great railway systems which the public is apt to think of as being single lines are in large measure composed of numbers of short lines which have been hitched together. In some instances the identities of these lines have been lost in the formation of a system, but many a ticket between well separated towns, both of which are served by the Pennsylvania or the Southern or the Missouri Pacific or any other "trunk line," will carry one or more names of formerly independent short lines which now help to compose the system. Indeed, it is estimated that more than 6,500 short line railroads have been consolidated into the great railway systems of the United States, the New York Central being composed of more than 400 of these short lines, the Santa Fé including approximately 175 and the Burlington having some 250.



Thus a high percentage of American railway development was originated as short line mileage which was constructed in the early days from ports along the Atlantic seaboard to tap the growing hinterland and which later was built by lumbering, mining and quarrying companies to get their raw materials to the industrial centers. The main factors in selection of these short lines for consolidation into systems were, therefore, their access to a seaport or an industrial center, their location on a through route between large cities, their importance as feeder lines or their strategic value in rivalry between systems for control of a given territory. In a sense, then, those 570 short lines which have not been incorporated into one or another of the systems would seem to be the "Orphan Annies" of the American railroad situation. The U. S. Railroad Administration which was created as a war-time measure, took that point of view; and it was due to that experience that The American Short Line Railroad Association developed into its present strength and aggressiveness.

They're Still Needed

But it would be bad thinking to jump to the conclusion that the surviving short lines are all culls which are no longer useful to transportation and are therefore doomed. The springboard for any such thought would have to be the assumption that the big systems have developed in strict accordance with some farsighted scheme of national planning; and that assumption long ago fell of its own light weight. Quite aside from President White's point that short lines are pathfinders into new and undeveloped areas, there remain gaps within the present network of the systems which would be dead spots if they were not filled by short lines still operating as independent units.

It is difficult these days to forecast when our representatives in Washington will take up any given subject and—once it is taken up—how long they will keep their minds on it; but the transportation problem is one that must be acted on by Congress sooner or later. It will inspire much oratory in the Senate and a flood of statements from various of the vested interests including Labor. Many of the criticisms will be justifiable and many of the suggestions will be constructive—in themselves. The interest of the public in this discussion should be its avowedly selfish interest in seeing to it that no change is enacted into legislation which impairs in any way the ability of the American railroad system to render adequate service whenever and wherever service is required.

This brings us right down to cases. What does impair the ability of a railroad to provide such service? The broad answer to that question is any set of operating conditions which discourages all hope of earning a fair return on invested capital. We are too apt to think of railroads as being permanent. We take it for granted that tracks, once laid, will always be used or at least available for use, forgetting that tracks can also be abandoned. We overlook the fact that one of the important factors in railway

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management is maintenance of way. The era of tremendous expansion having ended so recently, we have not yet accustomed ourselves to appreciation of the fact that capital can shrink and can be withdrawn from railroad properties just as readily as from any other type of investment.

And Government ownership is not necessarily the answer to the flight of private capital, particularly where the short lines are concerned. "Orphan Annies" when the Government took over the railroads as a wartime measure, they have no valid reason to anticipate a better fate in any probable scheme of nationalization; indeed, the bill recently introduced by Senator Wheeler to nationalize the railways leaves the short lines to shift for themselves. Their fate controls that of the towns and villages and of the industries and farms dependent on them for railroad service.

The Operating Basis

WHAT, then, are the operating conditions which determine the earning capacity of a short line railroad? One group affects costs, and it includes such items as labor, taxes and compulsory grade-crossing elimination—all factors with high legislative potentialities. The other group affects revenue, and it includes the two main items of traffic volume and the rates for which the tonnage is handled.

Here is where the unregulated competition of trucks and busses hits the short lines with particular severity because they operate within the most effective radius of truck haulage. Railroads are required by law to publish their tariff schedules and then to stick to them without rebate or other special inducement; and regulative red tape is such that even downward changes in rates take time before they become effective. Ignoring the passenger traffic as the minor factor in the revenue of most common carriers, let us see what is happening to the freight.

In the first place it would be hard to conceive of a more enticing target at which to take pot shots than such a published tariff schedule, and that is exactly what many a truck owner is doing. Knowing exactly what the railroad must charge for transporting any given quantity of any given classification of freight, he can bid under that freight rate—and therefore generally get the business—any time he wants to. And he is under no obligation to post rates and to maintain routes and service, but can hop in and out as he sees fit. It is about as sporting a competitive situation as shooting barnyard ducks; and, business-wise, it is equally shortsighted from the community point of view.

A glance at the annual figures does not show that the railroads have lost any great volume of traffic to the trucks, although the short lines have been the worst victims of short haul trucking activities. But study of the freight revenues develops the serious aspects of the present situation. In the first place, the trucks naturally go after the business in the high-rate categories. Naturally textiles, flour, steel products and other manufactures move at a higher freight charge than cotton bales, wheat and ore. Trucking generally skims this cream, although many thousands of tons of so-called bootleg coal are now moving by truck direct from the anthracite fields into the bins of homes in central and even northern New Jersey.

But even more serious loss of revenue results from the fact that the only defence now open to the railroads is to set their rates on the best paying freight so low as to make the business unattractive to the trucks. This naturally depresses their return on the volume of the traffic they retain. If they try to compensate for these losses by raising their rates on the low grade bulk freight, such as coal and building materials, they either stimulate the competition of waterway carriers for this business, or they tend to throw general business conditions out of balance. For example, an increase in the rate on coal to a given point may result in losing the fuel business at that point to an oil pipe-line.

Automotive transport has come to stay, particularly on the short haul. So has the airplane for long haul of passengers, mails and high class express. So has the oil pipe-line; and the waterways will always be with us. No progressive nation of the size and wealth of the United States can afford to neglect any medium of transportation that will add to the speed, comport and efficiency of interchange of passengers and commodities between any parts of the country. We need all these facilities, but we need them as parts of an integrated whole.

Reasonable Regulation

"I SEE no escape from the conclusion," the Federal Coordinator of Transportation has written, "that the national transportation system cannot wisely be left half regulated and half free. If I read the lessons of history and experience at all correctly, nothing but chaos can be expected from a policy of no regulation. The tendency in all industry, not only in this country but throughout the world, is definitely away from free and unrestrained competition."

Such regulation, if it is developed in the national interest, will leave the country with a strong and comprehensive underlying network of railroads from which will be pruned both branch lines and independent short roads which have outlived their usefulness. It will tie into this basis such supplementary services as the waterways, the airlines and the highways. But anyone who has watched a 70- or 100-car freight train rumble past need not be reminded where the basis of our national transportation system must remain.

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Cultivating the Knowledge Crop

by Trumbull White

Numerous lyceums and forums arise where 13,000 "chautauquas" once served, to meet the new popular demand for "face-to-face" information. The tide that carried William Jennings Bryan to fame is here again and swelling to the flood.

IT IS generally recognized that under certain circumstances the craving for learning can become contagious. Expose young people to education, say the authorities, and some of them, at least, will catch it. Facts become one of the essential elements, requiring mixture into a ferment of thinking to make a product of practical value.

Apparently something of importance is happening among us right now. Observers report encouraging indications that facts and thinking are coming into their own once more. Driven variously by curiosity, by a wish for entertainment, or by a true thirst for first-hand knowledge, American mankind shows increasingly a wish to see and hear and judge those who speak with authority.

To "face the facts" or to "look at the record" may imply a mere book reading or a radio broadcast. In this country there once was, however, and there seems to be returning, a desire to meet knowledge face to face, to winnow out the sincerity, the personality, the capacity of those who assume special inspiration. Impersonal "remote control" is yielding to "personal appearance." Once there was a "lyceum," a lecture course every winter in thousands of towns and every city; a score of great lakeside "assemblies" where throngs gathered every summer after the fashion of Chautauqua, for a long season of recreative study; a myriad of peripatetic "chautauquas" spreading tent programs of varying quality all over the land for waiting crowds. Something happened. Now the pendulum swings again, and something else is happening.

Almost we can foresee that eloquence and oratory are coming back to favor after their twilight. The signs do include, however, the warning that there must be more substance and less silver tongue behind the speech. Grant that, and the day of the rostrum, the spoken word as the source of knowledge and counsel, is again at hand.

When Columbus got back to Spain from his first voyage across the Atlantic, he certainly had a story to tell that was entitled to a wider hearing than could be given by the court of Ferdinand and Isabella and the jealous Spanish grandees, but the facts were slow to circulate. When Sir Isaac Newton discovered that apples fall down instead of up, accelerating their speed and hitting heads the harder the farther they fall, he began to deduce the laws of

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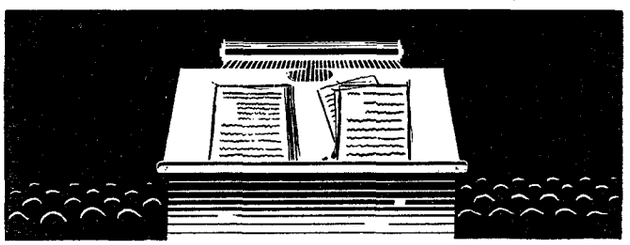
gravity from the surprising phenomenon, and the scientists, one by one, heard about it, though there was no interested mass public to be edified.

John Law never bothered to expound his financial rainbow to an acid-testing public. He fooled himself and the French regency with a vain, untested theory. The multitude trailed along in the wake of the court to get rich quick, because royalty had said that the Mississippi Bubble was a sphere of gold. The public never had a chance to think it over. Gray wrote his *"Elegy"* and Goldsmith his *"Deserted Village"* in surroundings almost cloistered, with little mixing of the poets themselves into the hurly-burly of the outer world, and few invasions of their privacy.

Circumstances have changed all that, for better or for worse. Nowadays, when a Byrd comes home from the Antarctic, or an Einstein discovers errors in the dimensions of the Universe, we want to see the man, and have him tell us all about it. If a Louisiana senator or a Michigan priest or a California doctor in direct dynastic line from John Law begins to exploit a new Mississippi Bubble, we want



to hear the story face to face. When an Edwin Markham of our day writes his *"Man with a Hoe"* we want to hear the poet read his own lines from our own lecture platform.

The spread of mere literacy—which by no means necessarily coincides with education and the power to think—and the expanding of facilities for easy communication, have begun to create a habit of personal contact, and the insistence upon having it. The habit grows, the demand increases. The ways and means of the past are outdated. First-hand knowledge must be made available. "New lamps for old!"

Our Opinionated Ancestors

EVERY country in which any semblance of free expression has existed—and some where there was none—has had its own political manifestations, statesmen and demagogues. Our own campaigning of the past, picturesque and otherwise, is a fruitful subject for historians of our folkways. But that is history and politics. For the forming of popular judgment and public opinion our forebears did a lot of talking things over between campaigns. There were fewer distractions and fewer sporting extras than there are nowadays. The little red schoolhouse had engendered the complacency it deserved for its theory of free and universal schooling, whatever its crudities. Papers printed less news from far away, but the reasonings and conclusions of their editors carried influence and guidance always for wider discussion.

So it befell that the intellectuals of the formative years—the intelligentsia and even the brain-trusters of their day, strange as that may sound—were sought and heard as lyceum lecturers the country over. Preachers, poets and philosophers, editors and authors, explorers and entertainers came and scored heavily in their community impact. There were successive decades that included Webster, Emerson, Beecher, Greeley, Sumner, Alcott, Garrison, Phillips. Charles Dickens was early in a long line from overseas. By such process, and by literally looking first into the morning paper "to see what Horace" or some other favorite editor "says today" for discussion at the store or shop or home, public opinion grew and grounded itself firmly.

Church Beginnings

SINCE much of the social, educational and intellectual life of that period developed through church association, it naturally happened that churches in large number became the place and provided the audiences and the backing for long seasons of winter lectures by visiting celebrities. An equally natural step occurred when the summer season presented a new possibility. Such church organizations as maintained annual camp meetings at their own northern resorts saw value in the expansion of that religious institution to include recreational teaching, entertainment and play for the children, and educational, literary, musical and other secular programs for the adults.

Even the great Chautauqua Institution, with sixty years of distinguished history behind it this summer, had beginnings almost as simple as that. The vitality of such an institution through the perplexities of the recent changing years, and its emergence now with renewed and reorganized strength, become one of the most convincing proofs of what this article foresees.

Chautauqua was never a "parent" institution, though its name has crystallized into the language with that impression. Those other summer assemblies and summer schools with similar origins and development, permanent plant of auditoriums, college halls, and fine traditions, such as Bay View, Mich.; Winona Lake, Ind., and Boulder, Colo., among a dozen that might be named, were not offshoots, though they were likewise motivated.

For all such there was large investment, with surrounding cottage colonies, and the summer patronage of thousands. Visiting foreigners called them "the most American institution," and "an intellectual debauch." Every hour of the day and evening was programmed with some event of interest. Addicts rushed from meals to classes, classes to auditoriums, and around again. The greatest of lecturers, educators, musicians and entertainers were booked and welcomed. Such attractions as Mark Twain, George Kennan, Schumann-Heink and Galli-Curci in their successive days of greatness were on the summer platforms. Programs of two full months became the rule. Booking agencies cherished such a market for their "talent" through what

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had hitherto been a dead season of the year.

A next development was the coinage of a new word. Spelling Chautauqua with a small "c" made it a common noun. Someone began to formulate a short program of successive events (every afternoon and evening for a week or two, for instance), that could be scheduled in a courtroom or church or "floral hall" at the fair grounds. With a visiting preacher for the Sunday, some bell-ringers and a magician, lantern slides of the Yosemite and a politician-orator, an "inspirational lecturer" and an elocutionist as nucleus, here was a "chautauqua" in your own town.

A contract with a committee of merchants and club women, season tickets to be sold by the committee in advance to cover the block-booking fee, a circuit so planned that the travel costs of the rotating "talent" would be light, and the new enterprise was under way. Whether the first impulse came from some townspeople wishing to put their place on the map, or from some resourceful agency, fruitful of ideas, who shall say?

Perhaps most picturesque of all in form, and generally meant when references in retrospect are casual, was the last and widest development. This was the "tent chautauqua," which spread its canvas increasingly with all but chain-letter speed, and probably carried within itself the seeds of its own destruction, even if other eventualities had not effectively attended to that detail.

With the example of the summer throngs at the permanent institutions as a first exhibit, and the success of the local enterprises housed in halls, a new device was invented. This was the "circuit chautauqua," under a professional agency management, with full "program talent" on fixed wages, enough trucks, tents, bleacher-type seats, canvas-men and management crew to handle the whole affair circus fashion, routes contracted so that distances permitted night transportation and tent setup from town to town, the "talent" rotating by short jumps through a sequence of appearances, say six successive days in six accessible towns where the "chautauqua" had pitched its tents.

A War Casualty

Such was the picture. It multiplied and multiplied again. The East knew it less than other parts of the country, but Canada and New Zealand made up for the slack. Those were the happy days. Thirteen thousand of the "tent chautauquas" in one season at the peak, madly revolving from an early spring start in Florida! Then came the World War.

The great War, which engrossed the whole attention of those very elements in every community that had been the active ones behind each seasonal "chautauqua" contract, is quite enough to explain why the ambulatory institution promptly faded out. Substantial citizens were too busy selling Liberty Bonds or campaigning for Red Cross funds to bother with advance season-ticket sales or guarantees for the "chautauqua" tent, and the women's clubs and other sponsoring organizations of the past were similarly diverted. But other discouragements came.

Even the permanent assemblies and schools at the northern resorts had to curtail outlay, programs and plans. Men who had been leaders in the "chautauqua" business, directors of agencies, potentates in the profession, became valued recruits in public service in the War Camp Community work and kindred activities. The idle "talent" became a ready available source for entertainment material at home and overseas. They had had the right kind of training.

But quite aside from the disaster to this unique industry wrought by the war, it remains true that the institution in its later developments had nourished the seeds of its own destruction. Futile efforts to re-establish things in the old pattern and give them permanence proved that. Here are some of the explanations, with no attempt to determine their respective fractions of influence in the undoubted total. Different authorities have different answers.

In Retrospect

For one thing the institution had become so large, its total consumption of "talent" so great, that programs had to be built out of inferior material. There was not enough to go 'round. Musicians, preachers and politicians could not be transmuted into great artists, great orators and great statesmen just by advertising them in superlatives as such. Audiences were becoming wise. Among other things they had become accustomed to hearing a Bryan, a

LaFollette, or some other distinguished public man who in idler years had welcomed a season of intensive access to the "chautauqua circuit" as the most truly American of contacts. Now these men had become so busy that their engagements were too often cancelled by public duties, and suddenly-substituted second-rate speakers lost their savor.

Locally, men and women who had busied themselves with war work, and wanted to rest, became more and more reluctant to assume guarantee obligations for a summer program contract, and the task of selling several hundred season tickets to themselves and their townsfolk.

Professionally, it had become an unwieldy enterprise. Affiliated managers' associations reached clearing-house proportions. Conventions of management, superintendents and "talent" were of surpassing size and distinction. Contract buying of "talent" by the year, and farming it out under block-booking formulae made it all but impossible for local favorites to be regarded in program building. Magnates in agencies and in management waxed great. Paul M. Pearson, now the storm-center gov-

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ernor of the Virgin Islands, is said to have had thirteen hundred "chautauquas" under his own management from his headquarters at Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

Finally it becomes simple to rest upon the ever-ready universal citation—the automobile, the movie and the radio killed "the chautauqua." For, in its ephemeral form as outlined, dead as a herring it is.

The foregoing picture of the lyceum and the chautauqua as they were, is really prophetic in its teachings, rather than of consequence as retrospect, and it is necessary to know, for the interpretation of what is at hand. Start with the realization that the American thirst for knowledge is unquenchable. Those women's clubs of fifty years ago that took for their motto, "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring," may have dipped no farther than to hear a member recount the wonders of her trip to Mammoth Cave; but they were on the quest of knowledge.

There is one group of men who literally must know the facts or find some other outlet for their energy—the recognized, active, professional booking agencies for lecture and other talent offering itself now for the season ahead, such men as, for example, W. B. Feakins, Lee Keedick, W. Colston Leigh and Harold Peat, to name no more, all men of wide acquaintance and experience, alert to what is going on, fruitful of ideas, and manifestly sincere in their view of circumstances. To these add such men as Arthur E. Bestor, president and principal of Chautauqua Institution; Morse A. Cartwright and Ralph A. Beals, director and assistant director of the American Association for Adult Education; John W. Studebaker, U. S. Commissioner of Education, and George V. Denny, Jr., associate director of the League for Political Education, by their spoken and written words. Check with the friendly intimacy of the writer in that same general field of interest, and you have a fair synthesis of the situation.

Testimony is that lecturers and personalities who speak with real authority, those of real distinction on any side of any subject, are more easily booked and more heartily welcomed by large audiences than ever before. It is the second or third rate "talent" that is slow to book, and that lacks drawing power even at lower rates.

The testimony implies that while the auto may have served as a restless influence against indoor entertainment in the summer assemblies, any loss from that was probably made up by the greater radius of audience access. Cutting down time and distance by increasing the ease of travel is an outstanding factor.

The testimony is that radio is developing a demand for personal appearances, that those who win radio popularity, whether as entertainers, musicians, news commentators, or, more important, as serious orators presenting political and economic subjects of consequence, are increasingly demanded for face to face appearance before interested audiences who want more than a voice.

Such are the commercial facts, as they appear to those who literally have to be right, though it would be a mistake to think that they judge only by commercial standards. They find it equally true whether they are selecting a season's course of lectures for a local lyceum committee, or booking some attraction of their own as an individual venture.

Crossing orbits with the commercial booking of platform "talent," with signs of gentle friction here and there despite the absence of actual competition, certain new movements of far-reaching possibilities are visible. Broadly speaking, these mostly appear as phases of the public forum movement, the activities of the American Association for Adult Education, and certain extension work conducted or assisted by New York University and by the various "land grant" state universities in the Middle West and Far West.

Some of these latter have long been liberal pioneers in the furnishing of faculty members as lecturers for lyceum courses in their own states, and at costs far below any commercial rates, admission usually to be free. In fact, it is a general characteristic of the organized public forum movement that the lecture courses shall be free, and that they shall include a presentation in fair turn of each of the possibly contentious points of view when mooted questions in economics, politics and social science are the subjects—as they usually are.

John W. Studebaker, superintendent of schools of the city of Des Moines, three years ago obtained a grant of funds from the Carnegie Foundation with which to finance for a period of five years an experiment in adult education in that city. The experiment took the form of public forums in twenty-eight public schools in all sections of the city, "for the discussion of current social, political, and economic problems, under the leadership of men specially qualified."

With this activity at its height, Dr. Studebaker was appointed Commissioner of Education by President Roosevelt, and was loaned for one year's leave of absence from his Des Moines position to accept the appointment. His consciousness of success in his Des Moines forum experiment explains his effort to bring the Federal government to the support of the movement on a national scale. Large subsidies to the states from relief funds have already been available in the adult education field, and the forum movement may become an expanding factor thereby. Springfield, Mass., became the choice of the American Association for Adult Education as the second city in the country in which to sponsor such a project, this now in progress with "a series of forty free public lectures by prominent educators."

One additional experiment is at the verge of announcement—a movement to offer somewhat distinguished and widely-known speakers of the Town Hall type as bookings for a lecture course season which will be free, but at which a freewill offering will be sought to cover expenses, the deficits to be made up from a prior guarantee fund, this instead of the hated system of selling season tickets ahead.

One thing is certain. There is room for them all. In a land where there were once 13,000 "tent chautauquas" in one year, where mankind hungers for knowledge and gropes for light, there is no danger of monopoly.

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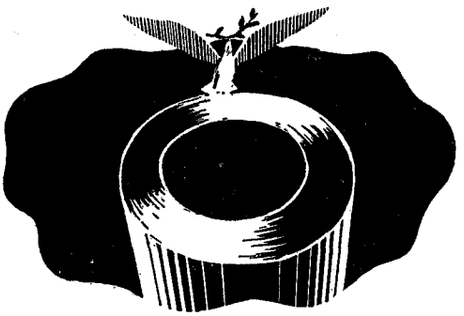
Men Who Keep the Peace

by Cedric Fowler



In the personal activities of these master diplomats whose names recur in each day's news dispatches from abroad, is written the present and the future of England, France, Italy, Germany, Russia and Japan.

AT THE CLOSE of the World War the liberal and peace-loving elements of the Allied countries emerged from silence with the message that conflict between nations must end. They had suffered much during the great slaughter, both physically and spiritually. The pressure of a militaristic world, a feeling of the futility of resistance, and an understandable timidity had forced them to seem to lay aside their beliefs.

For four years they supported, or silently endured, the war. They had not enjoyed doing so; no one enjoys the apparent extinction of his deepest convictions. The liberals' sacrifice was great, and as human beings, they had to have some compensation for it. They found one, in the concept of the War to End Wars. The ghastliness of world massacre was only supportable when invested with some higher aim than merely the military defeat of Germany. That aim was the defeat of militarism everywhere—the creation of a new world order where war and its horrors were forever made impossible.

The making of the peace treaty in 1919 seemed to be their opportunity. They had a representative in the highest places at Versailles—Woodrow Wilson, the President who kept us out of war, who (the liberals believed) entered it reluctantly, and who was as determined as they that it must never occur again. Wilson, in fact, had formulated their hopes before the struggle ended, in the Fourteen Points laid down as a basis for peace in January, 1918.

Point number one, "Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at," was the center of the liberal war ideal. The old diplomacy with its secret, iniquitous alliances and counter-alliances, had brought on the first Armageddon. Now that the crusade against militarism had been fought and won it must be abolished. Generals and kaisers must no longer dispose of the fate of nations, alone and unchecked by their peoples' will.

The Point was written into the Versailles document. The League of Nations, whose incorporation in the Treaty Wilson had demanded against the wishes of his more frankly imperialist Allies, carried it in the Prologue. Article XVIII of the Covenant provided that no treaty should be valid until registered and published by the Secretary of the League. In ringing speeches the statesmen of the victorious powers declared that they would never return to the old diplomacy that had done so much to bring disaster to the world. No more military alliances, no more dark arrangements between the General Staffs—everything was to be open, above board and under the full inspection of the public eye.

The liberals and the peace-lovers were satisfied, and as the Conference Era of the 1920's unfolded, their satisfaction seemed just. Meeting after meeting was held between the nations of the world. A succession of treaties and conventions was signed, renouncing war and all its works. Each was consummated in public assembly, with microphones and cameras recording the newest step to peace.

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The armament question, the problem of military aggression, of economic and armed sanctions to preserve peace, of economic and territorial revisions in the Versailles settlement, were all discussed in the presence of throngs of newspaper correspondents, unofficial observers, pacifist lobbyists, and general spectators. A millennium seemed to have arrived—to all but the militarists and the congenitally suspicious.

The Conference Era lasted precisely as long as post-war economic and social conditions permitted it to last. It achieved as much as the world social system could tolerate. Peace is a sickly growth; it does not flourish very well under "good" economic conditions: under bad conditions it withers completely. The London Naval Treaty of 1930 was the last of even the partial successes to the credit of the conference method; the naval conference at London in 1934 was a blank failure. Disarmament, the prohibition of aggression and the renunciation of war—all the good things expected to flow from open, friendly discussion among the nations—have not materialized.

Preparations for war are at a higher point than before 1914. At weekly intervals a new situation arises in Europe to play havoc with peace-loving nerves. Dictatorships and democracies alike are straining every penny for new armaments. The most crisis-stricken country finds money for tanks, battleships, guns, shells, airplanes and poison gas.

The hoped-for frankness of the first post-World War years has gone. Its existence at best was hesitant and feeble. In its place a system very much resembling the old has been established. Statesmen are again concerned with alliances, treaties, military conventions. Germany again threatens France, this time with the slogan of revenge on the other side. France replies with equal gestures against a re-armed, once defeated enemy.

England shivers at the thought of another and much more terrifying season of air raids, U-boats, and German control of the Channel coast. The Soviet Union listens nervously to threats of German invasion of the Ukraine, to Japanese threats of invasion in Siberia. Mussolini attempts an Italian hegemony in Central Europe and the Balkans, and dreams of a colonial empire in Africa. Germany, nationalistic since the injustice of Versailles, has a new nightmare of encirclement to keep war hysteria at top pitch.

Each nation is striving desperately for advantages in the coming struggle. Each nation's diplomats —occasionally the principals, more often an official of lesser rank but of equal importance—travel constantly over Europe in search of military and political aid. We present herewith a brief study of these men and their work as one more key to the future.

ANTHONY EDEN *(England).* Good looking, beautifully dressed, and chief actor in the most recent of England's desperate efforts to keep at least the shadow of Continental peace, Anthony Eden has been perhaps the best publicized of all Europe's men of world affairs. Capital cities turn out to acclaim him, hard-bitten diplomats, dictators and foreign ministers put on their best welcomes and friendliest smiles when he calls on His Britannic Majesty's business.

He is young—not yet forty—brilliant, aristocratic, and bears the romantic title of Lord Privy Seal. When he visited Moscow, it is said that Stalin was delighted with him. In Warsaw, sick old Marshal Pilsudski greeted him warmly, although Germany has been Poland's guiding star since the rise of Hitler. In Prague he was hailed as the savior of Versailles, the status quo and the peace and existence of the Little Entente. Even in Berlin, where Hitler's intransigence made peace efforts seem of little avail, the populace turned out as often as it was allowed to cheer him.

England wants peace. The First World War still hangs heavily in the nation's memory, and weighs on the nation's well-being. Pacifist sentiment has risen rather than decreased with the increasing nationalism of Germany and other Continental powers. The Dominions of the British Commonwealth of Nations are none too anxious to commit themselves again to the defense of the Motherland.

England's air force, neglected while Germany remained officially without military planes, needs rebuilding. London is peculiarly vulnerable to air attack. During the previous war, the hundred or more raids carried out were flea-bites compared with those possible today; yet they remain in Londoners' minds. And finally, English imperialist interests are not improved by war. Even the British appetite for empire has been satisfied, and they are content to hold what they have.

Yet Germany is a menace. A nation of sixty million persons obviously being armed for a war of revenge cannot be ignored. Germany has a number of scores to settle with England—the whole iniquity of Versailles cannot be laid upon France. Germany would like some colonies; the most of them are tucked up safely in British mandates. Germany would like a navy, and the last High Seas Fleet lies at the bottom of Scapa Flow.

The English, if they are given to guilty memories, do well to remember these things. They do remember this much: German submarines once almost starved the nation into defeat, and Germany today is building a second undersea fleet that can have only one purpose to the English mind—the destruction of British commerce and food supply.

These factors help us to remember something: Anthony Eden (and with him the rest of Europe's travelling diplomats) is not interested in peace simply as an abstract quality. He does not tour the Continent advocating universal, immediate disarmament. Nor does he try for another universal, immediate pact renouncing war. The years when such things were the chief properties of the Conference Parade are gone. Nations that want security today look for allies where they can find them, and the "victorious" nations of 1918 are huddling nervously together again, facing the "defeated" powers of the same unhappy year.

Captain Anthony Eden, son of the seventh Baronet of that name, had been to a large extent successful in his quest for aid to England's security. France, Russia and the Little Entente are firm against Germany. As a result, Eden's home popularity is high. When he returned exhausted and ill from the Continental tour, the Prime Minister had to is-

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sue a statement on his condition to allay public fears. Parliament galleries are packed to hear him speak, and as authority and power in international affairs, he commands more respect than Sir John Simon, titular head of the British Foreign Office. In fact, Eden is rumored to be next in line for the Cabinet post. Given a return of the Conservatives in the next election, there is no doubt that he will fill it.

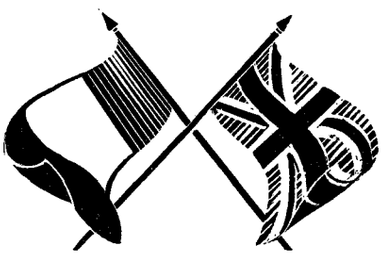
By family and upbringing Anthony Eden represents the English aristocrat born and trained to rule. He went to Eton and to Oxford, with an interval of distinguished war service. At twenty-six he stood for Parliament, and was elected. He married a wealthy young lady of correct lineage. His sister married the Earl of Warwick—still a family of power in English state affairs. At Oxford he specialised in Oriental languages, always a useful thing for a future Empire ruler. As Sir Austen Chamberlain's parliamentary private secretary, he made an auspicious entry in the world of British diplomacy.

Nothing has intervened to keep him down, and only the melancholy chance of Conservative eclipse will interrupt his career. After long service, full of years and honors, he will retire—perhaps His Lordship, or an Earl; but under whatever title, with a satisfying sense of having served his Empire well.

PIERRE LAVAL *(France).* The French have a thrifty habit with their statesmen; they use them over and over again. Premiers come and go. Crisis shakes the Third Republic, much debate blows in the Deputies, a vote of non-confidence is passed, and cabinets fall with almost monotonous regularity. But when the earthquake dies down very much the same personnel emerges from the ruins. In the meantime the common life of France somehow struggles ahead, and after a while the next crisis puts in its appearance.

The French have evolved another useful trait in these apparently endless shufflings among the nation's top cards—they tend to keep their Foreign Ministers for a comparatively lengthy period of time. Ever since 1870 French foreign policy has consisted largely of one attitude—the front against Germany. For that purpose all of France's alliances are made, its *ententes* pushed, its *rapprochements* advanced. This requires a consistent policy in the Foreign Ministry. It can best be achieved by keeping the same Minister through as many Cabinet changes as he can possibly survive. Thus in the post-war period Aristide Briand, the great apostle of reconciliation, kept the post through a dozen Ministerial tumblings.

Pierre Laval, once disciple of Briand, has held the position now for almost a year. In November, 1934, he refused the Premiership for it, showing that he, as well as others of his countrymen, put great value on the post. His incumbency has taken place during a critical period in European and especially in French affairs. The Versailles Treaty no longer exists as a safeguard against German military strength. Germany has openly rearmed, and will possess a greater army than that of 1914. Poland, once France's *protegé,* has become Germany's ally.



Italy has achieved a great measure of control in Austria and in Hungary, which is employed against French interests. Yugoslavia and Rumania have been moving into the German orbit, away from the pro-French Little Entente so painstakingly created to preserve the Versailles settlement. The Nazi influence spreads over the entire Continent, and Nazism means war on France.

Against this, France and Laval have made some gains. Russia has become an active ally, and the Red Army co-operates with the French General Staff. England, thoroughly frightened by the German air force, is inclining more and more to co-operation against the common danger. Laval, as Foreign Minister in Europe's war crisis, has for his highest task the formation of the same system of alliances against Germany that existed before 1914. It is a sad commentary on the War to End Wars, but under the present organization of world society, it is the only policy that a French statesman feels he can pursue.

Pierre Laval has pursued it with vigor. He is one of Europe's most travelled diplomats. One month he will be in Italy, striving to reconcile the Duce's feel of rivalry with French security. Later he will be in London, urging the British that their old enemy remains Europe's premier devil. As Prime Minister in 1931, he visited this country in the series of conversations that Hoover summoned to stave off world economic and political crisis. Side trips to Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and the other smaller Continental powers are more or less a matter of routine. Even the thought of a visit to Russia does not seem to frighten him—an act of courage somewhat rare among French political captains.

Short and stocky, Laval has the stamina for long hours and exhausting work. By birth he is an Auvergnat, of a shrewd, hardbitten breed known as the Scotsmen of France. His father was an unsuccessful cafe-keeper, and Pierre had to educate himself. There is a story that he studied Greek at the age of eleven, holding the book in one hand and the reins of the village *fiacre* in the other; a priest, noticing this, tutored him without fee. In France as in America law is the chief path to political success, and young Laval duly appeared at the bar. His first Ministerial post was at the head of the Department of Justice, where in 1926 he horrified his staff by introducing typewriters, previously considered beneath legal contempt.

Like his early patron, Briand (and for that matter like most French statesmen), Laval was a radical in his youth, in maturity a conservative. He was a Socialist Deputy in 1914; in 1920 he voted in party caucus for affiliation with the Third International. Today he fights the Communist-Socialist United Front with the most reliable of his colleagues. He observes another French tradition faithfully, by cultivating at least one personal idiosyncracy—in his case, the constant wearing of a white necktie.

FULVIO SUVICH *(Italy).* Life in the higher reaches of a Fascist dictatorship, while it has its rewards, also has its dangers. You never can tell when your career will be cut short by the anger, suspicion, or simple jealousy of *Il Duce.* The penalties of displeasure involve usually exile to some remote or secondary place in the Fasicst hierarchy—at the worst, expulsion from the Party and perhaps a term of imprisonment. Mussolini has visited these punishments on a number of his second-string captains. They are especially liable to banishment if they succeed in appropriating more than a very small share of the limelight from the principal hero.

The prime example in foreign affairs is Dino Grandi, predecessor of Fulvio Suvich, present Italian representative in the diplomatic game of preserving peace in the midst of preparation for war. Dino

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Grandi had an enormous success as travelling bargainer for Fascism. His trip to the United States in 1931 was a triumph. Two thousand New York policemen were required to guard him from the throngs of admirers, interested Americans and anti-Fascists. On his return to Italy, loyal Romans led by police and army bands gave him an ovation lasting many minutes. The Chamber of Deputies gave him another when he made his report, standing up and cheering in their seats.

The correct length for subordinate ovations in Italy has never been fixed, but Dino Grandi's evidently overstepped the normal limits. In spite of the fact that he had been an active Blackshirt since the days when castor oil and machine guns settled the debate between revolution and the *status quo,* in spite of the fact that he was a decorated war veteran, a brilliant lawyer and a skillful organizer, he was retired from the Foreign Ministry—"kicked upstairs" to the London Embassy. Mussolini took his portfolio, adding it to the six he already possessed. And Fulvio Suvich was put into the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs, there to act as front man and travelling negotiator for Il Duce.

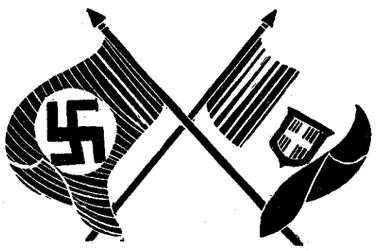
In Suvich the Dictator has apparently found a man who will be content with the back reaches of the stage. Loyal, hard working and heroically inconspicuous, he has passed his two years in the Foreign Office in a manner befitting a member of the supporting cast. His previous position was in the Ministry of Turismo, the agency that encourages visitors to bring themselves and their foreign exchange to the land of Art, Antiquity and beautiful scenery.

In 1934 he made a tour of Austria and Hungary in the interests of a rival Little Entente to that of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania. Incidentally, the tour was much resented by the latter three and their protector, France. In 1933 he executed a less risky gesture in presenting a bunch of roses to José Laval, daughter of the then Premier of France.

Like his predecessor Grandi, Suvich is noted in fashionable Continental circles for his exquisitely correct clothing; his frock coats and spats are deservedly second to none. As for the work and the decisions involved in his position, they are executed by Mussolini.

ALFRED ROSENBERG and **JOACHIM von RIBBENTROP** *(Germany).* Knowing Germans have a saying, *"Hitler befiehlt, was Rosenberg will,"* which translates roughly, "As Rosenberg wills, so Hitler thinks."

Hitler campaigns against the Jews, in a manner reminiscent of the Jewish pogroms of Tsarist Russia; Rosenberg taught him the method. Hitler hates and fights Communism, Socialism and every form of radical or liberal social protest; Rosenberg showed him why and how it should be done. Hitler's foreign policy centers in a projected attack on the Soviet Union—that part of the policy which is not devoted to war on France; the inspiration is Rosenberg's. Hitler, a Catholic himself, persecutes the Church and advances a weird return to Gothic paganism;



Rosenberg has led the anti-Christian, German-Heathen movement since its inception.

Chief of the Foreign Political Division of the Third Reich, this leader with the suspiciously "un-Aryan" name, is the prime source of the Hitler foreign policy, and of much of the domestic policy as well. He is the *Fuehrer's* Brain Trust of One—has been since 1919, when the two first met. From his office at 70, Wilhelmstrasse, he directs the work of Nazification throughout the Continent of Europe, his special province the three Baltic states of Latvia, Lithuania and Esthonia.

Impoverished Germany, unable to meet even its private obligations, spends millions of marks annually in the task of uniting Germans of all nations. Rosenberg has charge, and, in his belief, Germans living in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, the Baltic states, the Ukraine, the Scandinavian countries, the Netherlands, the Italian Tyrol—in effect, wherever a German minority exists—must be united under one victorious Swastika banner.

Force is required in this process, which is why Germany must arm. Allies are also necessary, which is why Germany courts Yugoslavia, Rumania, Poland, Italy, and why it attempts, however clumsily, to entice England away from France. The sympathy of millions of Americans of German descent is another requirement, which is why the United States is afflicted with a rash of local Nazi movements in every city where a German group exists.

For all his super-nationalism Rosenberg, like Hitler, is not of German birth, though he claims German descent. He was born forty-two years ago, in Reval, now the capital of Latvia, then a part of the Russian Empire. As a young man, he studied engineering and architecture. When the World War broke out, he was a drawing teacher. From the beginning of the war he was strongly opposed to the cause of his own country and of its Allies. Latvia was quickly invaded in the great German drives against Russia's western front.

Rosenberg, today an ardent patriot, rejoiced—even tried to enlist in the invading army, but was blocked by a German law which would not admit citizens of occupied regions to the troops. He is reported to have been in Moscow during the Revolution, where he offered his services to various White Guard organizations. Returning to Latvia in 1918, he joined one of the guerilla German bands that operated in that district long after the Armistice. He made his way to Munich in 1919, where he established his first contact with the National Socialist German Workers' Party.

In 1920 he became editor of the *Voelkische Beobachter,* first Nazi newspaper and today the prime organ of Hitlerism. It was through this publication, and through a number of books and pamphlets published while Nazism fought its way to rule in Germany, that Rosenberg expressed his ideas of conquest, anti-Semitism and paganism. He was the author of the ferocious Nazi slogan, "On every telegrah pole from Berlin to Hamburg, the head of a Jew must hang."

His chief work, *"The Myth of the Twentieth Century,"* is a violent attack on Christianity. A brief quotation shows its tenor: "The religion of Jesus was undoubtedly the preaching of love . . . but the German religious movement, which wishes to develop into a people's church, must declare that it unconditionally subordinates the ideal of neighborly love to the idea of national honor." And Christianity, according to the same work, did not help to civilize pagan Europe. On the contrary, "Christianity owes its enduring virtues to the Germanic character."

But Rosenberg, for all his power in the Nazi movement, was not a success as a travelling agent for German interests. The one visit he made abroad, to London, was a failure. Sir John Simon barely con-

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sented to receive him, Premier MacDonald not at all. A Swastika wreath which he placed on the London Cenotaph was removed by indignant Britishers. He was publicly insulted in the lobby of the Claridge, swankiest London hotel. Since that time he has ventured on no more foreign missions, but remains in the Wilhelmstrasse, the inspiration and the goad of Hitler's foreign policy.

Rosenberg's reception in London is not unique in the annals of German diplomacy which has never been famous for exquisite finish, tact or sophistication. Germans are too apt to blurt out their feelings, and also much too apt to reveal their real aims when secrecy would serve better.

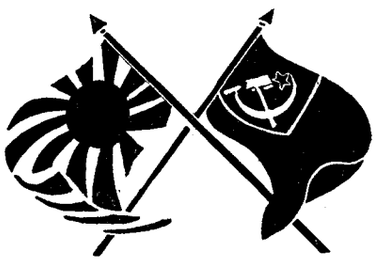
Under the Imperial *régime,* the elegant and aristocratic von Papen-Boy-Ed team was caught red-handed, plotting against this country more devilishly and far more crudely than any whiskered anarchist. But Hitler and his backers, the Reichswehr and the heavy industry interests, are flexible. When Rosenberg was rebuffed in London, they complained—"We sent them a gentleman and they treated him like a churl"; but they tried again, and this time with better fortune.

Joachim von Ribbentrop, the man they sent, has no embarrassing connections with Wotan, with Jewish pogroms or anti-liberal bloodlust. He is a representative of the better class of German army officer, cultured, intelligent and well bred. As a Lieutenant of Hussars he served through the World War with distinction. After the War, he was able to establish himself through a wealthy marriage, escaping the economic and social bitterness of most demobilized officers. Meeting Hitler early in the *Fuehrer's* career, he allied himself at once with the rising power of post-Versailles Germany.

His contributions to the Nazi movement have not been sensational, and his interest in Aryanism, in the "new Vikings, bold and savage" is academic. One contribution that he did make, however, was of the greatest significance. In 1932 von Papen and his Junker allies were striving to keep Hitler out of power, believing him a radical. The result was hostility and confusion from which Communists and Socialists profited while Nazism was losing ground with the masses. Von Ribbentrop brought von Papen and Hitler together in the famous conference in the banker Schroeder's house at Cologne. For reward, he is today Hitler's second trusted aid in foreign affairs, Rosenberg still first.

MAXIM LITVINOV (*Russia*). In a strictly revolutionary way plump Maxim Litvinov, Commissar for Foreign Affairs of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, embodies the familiar story of rags to riches, or the rise of honest merit to places of honor, prestige and respectability.

Sixteen years ago he was deported from England as an undesirable alien, though he happened to be Russian Ambassador to the Court of Saint James at the time. A year later Copenhagen hotel-keepers refused to give him and his staff a room, and Danish authorities tried to persuade him to conduct the negotiations for which he had come on a ship anchored miles off the coast. When he first appeared at Geneva, delegates



walked out of the committee rooms when he arose to speak, and his proposal that the Disarmament Conference should endeavor to bring about disarmament was laughed to scorn.

Today he is one of the most powerful diplomats of Europe. Nations welcome his visits. When he speaks at Geneva, floor and galleries are packed—even the hardened gentlemen in the press gallery have to fight their way in to hear.

This meteoric rise is not wholly a matter of Litvinov's charm or strength of character. It is a form of recognition of Soviet Russia as a great power, strong in arms, politically stable, and of growing industrial wealth. On the other hand, it is not simply a matter of Communist ideology triumphing over a frightened and hostile capitalist world. Maxim Litvinov is a man of great intellectual ability. His hard grasp of facts, historical and political, has amazed old world diplomats accustomed to turn to a corps of experts before they will venture a remark on the weather.

He has never attempted to conceal himself behind a mass of secretarial underlings. When the Soviet Union has a decision to announce or an opinion to voice in international affairs, it is Litvinov who utters it, in full view of the public eye. Usually it is stated as bluntly as world affairs can be spoken, and often with a tone of mordant sarcasm. Thus, speaking at a Conference that had just concluded in an increase in world armaments, he congratulated his fellow delegates on "your decisive step backward."

At one of his earliest meetings with the world outside the Soviet Union—the meeting was concerned with Russian debts—it was proposed that an impartial chairman be selected. M. Litvinov disagreed, for practical reasons. "Only an angel could be an impartial chairman," he explained. "There are two worlds, capitalist and Soviet. There is said to be a third world in the skies—the only one where angels live. I do not think any of its inhabitants are present at this conference."

In the manner of many Old Bolsheviks (the title, though unofficial, is of the highest honor in Russia), Litvinov is not the Commissar's real name, but is rather a revolutionary pseudonym. Just as Lenin was Ulianov, Stalin Djugvashili, Trotsky Bronstein, Litvinov was Walloch, Wallech, or, as another report has it, Finklestein.

He is one of the few non-Russian Bolshevik leaders, for he was born in Poland in 1879. His alien status is however wholly technical, for Poland at that time was part of Tsarist Russia. His parents were poverty-stricken, pious Jews, and their eldest was destined for the Rabbinate. By stringent sacrifice they gave him the best that could be procured in Talmudic education, and waited hopefully for his rise to ecclesiastical heights. They were disappointed. At 21, Litvinov was a member in the Social Democratic Party of Russia, forerunner of the Communist Party of today. Three years later he was an exile in Siberia.

Escaping in 1904, he made his way to London, where he met Lenin, also a fugitive from the Imperial prison camps. The meeting was decisive in Litvinov's career. At the time, the great split in the Russian Social Democratic Party had just occurred, whereby one wing broke off to become the revolutionary Bolsheviks, the other cleaving to peaceful methods. Litvinov chose to follow Lenin, who led the Bolsheviks. It was a wise choice, as events turned in 1917; Litvinov became not only a worker for the revolution, but has remained in responsible places ever since.

The intervening years were spent as a travelling salesman for English firms, scouring Europe in bowler, black coat and *attaché* case—the uniform of the solid English business man. The opportunity afforded for contacts among revolutionary groups was great, and Litvinov became a species of go-between for exiles scat-

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tered all over the Continent. When the Russian revolution broke in 1917 he was in London; and after the Bolsheviks seized power he was appointed first Soviet Ambassador to England. A speech in which he urged a British working class audience to overthrow its own bourgeoisie was resented by His Majesty's Government, and the Ambassador was sent home.

Since Litvinov was one of the few surviving Bolsheviks with a good grasp of foreign languages, he was put to work in the Foreign Commissariat as soon as he returned to Petrograd. Chicherin, his superior, died within one or two years, and from that time on Litvinov has been number one man in Soviet world affairs.

Litvinov has a great advantage over his fellow diplomats in the Soviet government's monopoly of foreign trade. Thus Hitler, first breathing fire and slaughter against the USSR, was forced to modify the tone when orders were transferred to England, Italy and France. Recognition by the United States flowed from the same reasons, though promised benefits have not yet materialized, largely due to our own intransigeance on Tsarist and Kerensky debts.

KOKI HIROTA and **EIJI AMAU** *(Japan).* Japan's Foreign Ministry usually functions more as an adjunct of the War Office, the Navy, the munitions makers and Mitsui interests than as an office in its own right. Several of its incumbents have been selected directly from the military; all of them have been more or less under its control. Seldom are they permitted even an expression of independent views.

Koki Hirota, present Foreign Minister, nominally a "liberal"—that is, neither an army or a navy officer—is no exception to the general rule. Thus, at the time of Japan's denunciation of the Washington naval treaty, Minister Hirota asserted that his country's intentions were peaceful, that no naval armament competition was then in view, and that Japan had no intention of assuming the complete mastery of the Pacific.

The statement was innocuous enough—the sort of thing that Foreign Ministers issue in their sleep. Yet, two days after it was made, Admiral Osumi, chief of the Naval Ministry, appeared with a contradiction: "The Navy Ministry has never said there would be no naval race. We cannot predict the future . . . if any power embarks upon expansion of its navy . . . the whole Japanese nation must make up its mind to cope with the situation even if we are reduced to eating rice gruel."

The trials of conducting a Foreign Office under such circumstances are apparent. Hirota, though as a child he belonged to one of the most ferocious of the reactionary patriotic societies, is not essentially a fire-eater. Early in his career he came under the influence of the famous Shidehara, liberal internationalist of an earlier generation in Japan. Later he became a friend and in a manner a *protegé* of Katsuji Debuchi, who labored many years at Washington for good will between the two nations now confronting each other with increasing hostility. Yet only occasionally has he been able to strike a gesture for the peace he desires.

His opposition to the last enormous army and navy budget was overruled, as was his attempt to deny the "Crisis in 1935" thesis of the military leaders. It is doubtful if his opinion carries as much weight in Japan's foreign affairs as that of his nominal subordinate, Eiji Amau. Certainly it seems to count for nothing compared with the opinions of the admirals and the generals.

Yet Hirota is by no means a negligible figure. Given a return in Japan of a more conciliatory, less exclusively militaristic policy, he would fill the place of leadership for which his abilities call. His rise is due to his own efforts alone, for his father was a peasant stone-cutter in a feudal social system. There have been other handicaps too. He flunked the examinations required of all aspirants to the diplomatic service.

One of his first jobs was that of translator to John J. Pershing, then a Captain acting as Military *Attaché* in Tokio—Pershing fired him because his English was "absolutely hopeless." He tried the examinations again, passed, and went through the usual apprenticeship in consular offices, rising finally to become Minister to Holland, to service in the Embassy at London and in Moscow. In Holland, incidentally, he achieved the ambition of all good Netherlanders by perfecting a new variety of tulip, known today by his name.

Under the title Chief of the Bureau of Information in the Imperial Foreign Office, plump, bushy-haired Eiji Amau conceals one of the most important posts in Japanese foreign affairs. He is the Empire's first line of contact with the outside world. Three times a week he meets the foreign correspondents assigned to his country. He issues notes and interpretations, announcements and explanations of Japan's actions. He enters into correspondence with Secretaries of State and Foreign Ministers in other countries. In brief, he is Japan's spokesman in addressing the outside world with all the responsibility which that entails.

Japan's relations with the outside world have lately been a little difficult—to put it diplomatically. It has embarked on the final realization of an ancient dream—to possess China and to master the Orient. With the seizure of Manchuria in 1931 the dream moved into action; the seizure of Jehol, the advance into Chahar, and conquering gestures toward Mongolia have confirmed it. Naturally the process has provoked other countries with interests in China, England, France, the United States, and finally Russia. It is a delicate situation, and one that calls for a combination of talents to handle. Japan must not provoke the world to active interference with its plans. On the other hand, an active imperialist nation cannot show timidity —it is too likely to put heart into the victims.

Amau has been called on to be at once subtle and fierce, conciliatory and strong to the outside world. He has succeeded. Secretary Stimson received a stinging rebuke for his pains on the Manchurian matter, with a reminder that our own colonial record is none too spotless. To the British, Amau has expressed hurt surprise that Japan should be accused of "intervening" in China; Manchukuo was an entirely independent, spontaneous and private affair. Russia has been alternately threatened and assuaged; the technique with each a masterpiece of diplomatic skill.

Although Amau is a young man at forty-eight, he has had twenty-two years in the diplomatic service, during which he has filled fourteen posts from Washington to Europe. Service in Russia seems to be a tacit rule in the Japanese Foreign Office, and Amau has spent his time in Moscow. His manner, as befits a spokesman, is affable, and his hospitality to visiting foreigners of note is famous.

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The Doctor Sees Double

The ancient idea that a man of letters must also write keeps the two thousand Ph.D.'s emerging from America's graduate schools this month looking in two directions at once.

by John W. Dodds

THIS JUNE some two thousand new Doctors of Philosophy are emerging from the commencement exercises of scores of American universities. By the time each has returned his rented cap and gown he will realize that from his point of view, at least, he is facing an academic world gently gone mad.

It is more than likely that this new-fledged Ph.D. has been planning to be a college or university teacher, and to that end he has labored for the degree without which, he has been told, his opportunities will be negligible. His first discovery is that at the end of seven or eight years of university training he has a very slim chance of getting a teaching position of any kind. His second and far more demoralizing discovery is that the value of the degree for which he worked so hard is being openly questioned by the people who insisted that he get it.

Even in his worst moments of discouragement he had not expected his mentors to bite the dog they had been feeding. It may be, he realizes, that he is merely the victim of one of those cyclic periods of transition to which education is heir, when higher learning gropes toward an order that will be at least different if not better. In any event his frustration is bitterly real. Popular opinion to the contrary, he has been living no dazed, mystical life in an ivory tower. He knows that he is entering a profession in which competition is just as lively, and probably just as obvious, as in industry. The myth of academic security has been exploding in his ears these four years; he is a Depression Ph.D.

The degree itself holds for him no illusory glamor. If he is a young man with a sense of humor he is likely to be quietly ironic about the whole high-pressure business of degrees. He will remember that Erasmus said four hundred years ago: "I must acquire the absurd title of 'Doctor.' It will not make me a hair the better, but as times go no man can be counted learned, despite of all which Christ has said, unless he is styled 'Magister.' If the world is to believe in me, I must put on the lion's skin. I have to fight with monsters, and I must wear the dress of Hercules."

Nevertheless, he had hoped that seven years of training would give him a modicum of opportunity. What he finds is an advertisement in the bulletin of his University Association offering to a man with teaching experience, with the Ph.D. degree and publications, the chance to teach eighteen hours of class work for $1600 a year. Another scroll presented to this 1935 Pilgrim is a report by the deans of twenty-nine graduate schools (including his own!) on the "interesting" question *"Are Ph.D's a Drug on the Market?"* Indeed the path to the Celestial City is thorny, and the dress of Hercules a slight boon.

This economic impasse, though distressing, is no overwhelming shock to the young man. After all, his brethren in the other professions have not been doing so well lately. And he knows that while

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schools have been reducing their teaching staffs the universities have continued to grind out Ph.D.'s like himself. It may be, he will admit, that he *is* a Drug on the Market, an unwanted child in an academic family that has refused to practice birth control. What really distresses him is something far more fundamental in the economy of higher education—a gathering tendency, on the part of those who had led him to believe that only by achieving the Ph.D. degree could he fit himself for teaching, to doubt the ultimate value of that degree. He is in the position of the tramp whose alleged benefactor has just delivered an unfriendly kick from behind.

They Admit It

For some time a cloud the size of a man's hand has been hanging over the annual meetings of college professors when they foregather to read scholarly papers to each other. Thence have issued the intimations of the professors themselves that the Ph.D. business is in a bad way.

Recently those mutterings have become more articulate, and today it is a rare educator who cannot gain a reputation for candor by printing an article on *"The Decay of the Graduate School."* One university president declares that "the wholesale production of Doctors of Philosophy has become one of our great national industries." "We must have good teachers, not mere scholars," say others. "I shall base a man's advancement upon his ability to *teach*." And if, when those presidents have slipped back home and are considering the question of faculty promotions for the next year, they ask for a list of their professors' publications, that is a matter between themselves and their consciences.

The important fact is the growing tendency of our shepherds of higher education to denounce the failure of the graduate school. The charges may be indicated easily; for the most part they follow a well-known formula. Our graduate schools, they say, are paying little or no attention to the training of teachers but are interested rather in the production of highly specialized scholars who, trained in the art of "discovering more and more about less and less," are so driven in upon their narrow research problems that they lose all grasp of the broad stream of education as a whole.

The study of the arts, as well as of the sciences, becomes both literally and figuratively of microscopic minuteness. The students count the commas in Shakespearean quartos and write dissertations on the state of Moroccan table-manners in 1300 or on the influence of the ancient *scôp* on the poetic metres of Coventry Patmore. They become, in a word, scholars. The accolade which completes the Ph.D. is testimony only to his ability in specialized research and not at all to his assimilation of the wider reaches of learning.

Critics admit that one of the functions of the university is the encouragement of such scholarship. What we know today in any given field of knowledge came from the efforts of men and women who spent their lives in the discovery, accumulation, and interpretation of facts—facts often dull in themselves, frequently minute, but not infrequently significant. Nevertheless, runs the argument, the emphasis in our graduate schools upon minute research is in a good way to ruin the teaching profession.

These Ph.D.'s are released upon the United States not, for the most part, to devote their attention to scholarship but to be absorbed as teachers into the great democracy of college education. As teachers they are frequently worse than useless; the rocking horse of their scholarship has become, for them, Pegasus. They teach each sophomore as if he were one day inevitably to become a Ph.D. like themselves. Blinded by what they have been taught to accept as the *summum bonum* of learning, they force upon the undergraduate whose ability to absorb punishment is almost beyond calculation, the attitudes and methods of the graduate school. And the student, slightly dazed by the whole hocus-pocus, void at the end of four years of any true appreciation of science or history or literature, thinks that he has received a "cultural" education.

That there is an element of truth in all this cannot be denied by any close observer of the academic scene. It is particularly significant that much of the protest has been coming recently from those within the colleges who have been turning a cold and fishy eye upon themselves—or at least upon their colleagues. To our young Ph.D. standing beneath the elm trees this June morning the situation is nevertheless grossly ironic.

He has taken his degree because he knew that even the college president who questions its value will be most insistent that he have it. If schools are to remain respectable in whatever association of colleges or universities they belong, they must have as many Doctors of Philosophy as possible on their faculties. It is worthy of note that the proportion of Ph.D.'s in our colleges increased from nine per cent in 1920 to twenty-two per cent in 1932.

Nor has our young man said farewell to scholarship in its more specialized phases when he leaves the graduate school. He soon learns that however loud or however honest the cry for "good teaching" may be at the University of X—, his preferment will rest upon quite other achievements.

The Words of Silent Men

Good teaching is by its very nature a quiet thing: bibliographies can be measured. Therefore, if he is to receive promotion in his department, if he is to become known to his brethren in the profession, if he is ever to receive from another school the offer that will make his president increase his salary in order to keep him at X—, he must devote much of his energy to writing articles (it matters little upon what) that will be published in the scholarly journals. There need be no great imaginative gleam

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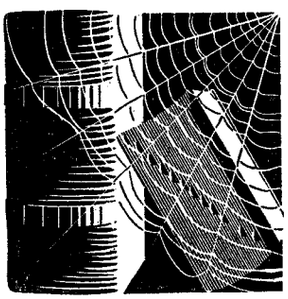
in his writings (indeed he is likely to be suspect if there is), and the notes or queries which he appends to the tail of scholarship may be had by anyone with sufficient industry and with legs strong enough to endure hours of standing upon library step-ladders. There are of course some schools that are happy exceptions to this rule, but for the most part publish he must if he is to be met by his colleagues with respect and by his president with promotion.

The face of the collegiate scene is therefore at present an amazing paradox. It is a Janus seemingly unaware of double vision.

The growing dissent against the graduate-school methods of the past few generations is in many respects a healthy symptom. The history of the system is a matter of common knowledge, begotten as it was by the German universities upon our first American graduate schools. But the revolt against what remains of the incubus of German scholarship has so far had little to offer towards the new Utopia except a general dissatisfaction with things as they are. Such remedies as have been suggested are as likely to kill the patient as to cure the disease. And in truth a minority report might well be set forth to show that if the excessive emphasis upon the Ph.D. degree itself and upon the necessity of publication at any price were tempered by sanity and humanity, the present system of graduate instruction would not be so inadequate after all.



It is an open question whether any potentially good teacher has ever been ruined by a graduate school. Indeed it is problematical whether a graduate school under any system could teach young men and women how to teach. The great college teachers have been men and women who, in the first place, have spent more time mastering the fields of their subjects than studying techniques of presentation; and in the second place, they have possessed somehow the divine spark that illuminates learning with humanity and by a secret magic infects the student with a strenuous desire to know more about Cicero or Shakespeare or Napoleon or the atomic theory. This is fundamentally a question of personality, as any college graduate can testify if he thinks of his best teachers.

Teaching Timber

Now the graduate schools, in the Great Expansion period of American education, did not give much thought to anything except the specific intellectual calibre of those persons whom it would one day be their duty to recommend as teachers. The professor in even the best graduate school is impressed by the number of hard-working, dullish, generally unilluminated students who come under his eye. In some instances they may be the material of which excellent scholars are made; as researchers they may possess the steady accuracy, the ability, which is the mark of the capable investigator, to digest and classify knowledge and to present it in usable form. As teachers, however, they will make the kind of failure which arouses tempests today. The good teacher must be possessed of qualities that cannot be measured by the tape-line of research.

That is not to say, however, that the good teacher cannot also be a "productive scholar." Nor, on the other hand, would the difficulty be resolved by division of graduate work into two fields, one for the future research specialist and one for the future teacher. Curiously enough, the great teachers have been good scholars too, in the broader sense of the word; their teaching has been fertilized, as it were, by the intellectual activity which they have poured into their investigations. The young man who would have been a good teacher but was spoiled by writing his dissertation is an anomaly.

The Real Doctor of Philosophy

It is quite probable, too, that the good teacher will want to present to the world the fruits of his independent study—the more so if he feels no pressure to publish and is not driven by the bogey of a competition that would force him to regurgitate his learning in books or articles which are too often their own excuse for being.

The Utopia of higher education will never be reached through the application of any universal panacea. One could no more form the ideal teacher by abolishing his present graduate training than by insisting upon the benignity of its worst features. Everything depends upon the kind of person you are going to place upon the end of the log opposite the student.

It is distinctly true, therefore, that those whose duty it is to select good teachers must not only clear themselves of academic cant but must learn to determine what is essential and what is less essential. Until they no longer attempt, like the young lady on the horse, to ride off in all directions at once, our young Ph.D. may be permitted a few moments of cynical contemplation as he faces this confusion worse confounded.

Great teachers are as rare as great lawyers or great doctors or great statesmen. Some of the best cannot write Ph.D after their names and to others the acquisition of the degree was incidental—the donning of the lion's skin for the fight with monsters, a species of job-insurance in a world which likes labels. As a mark of attainment it must always be checked by the more elusive, intangible qualities without which scholars become pedants.

At the same time, mistaken as it is to exalt the Ph.D. as the *sine qua non* of teaching, it seems equally wrong-headed to believe that the young Ph.D. has of necessity committed intellectual *hari-kari*. If he was apt initially the chances are that his graduate school not only broadened his background but gave iron to his thinking. If he lacked, however, the imponderables necessary to the good teacher, no graduate school could have done more than confirm him in his ineptitude.

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The Fight for Statehood

So far from being greedy for territorial expansion, as several other nations have accused us of being, Uncle Sam turns a deaf ear to the pleas of rich outside lands that want to join the American Union.

by Arthur Marion

THAT remarkable Japanese newspaper, the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun,* of Tokyo, has just printed a long, well-written analysis of the change in the American spirit caused by our taste of spoils from the First World War. Formerly a peace-loving agricultural nation satisfied to develop our rich land and anxious to keep out of international disputes, we are now, said the author in effect, an aggressive industrial people concerned with world markets and greedy for territorial expansion.

Reviewing that criticism dispassionately—although without arriving at any particular judgment of its truth or falsity—there is to be noticed a curious and somewhat unrelated fact, that if the United States of America is reaching out for new territory, as in the case just provided by Commander Byrd in Antarctica, the act is negligible compared with what outside sections of the world are doing to reach in, to become parts of the United States.

The Philippines, for example, have a strongly represented sentiment that would like those islands to be admitted to the North American Union; Hawaii has made open bid for the privilege; so has Puerto Rico; so has Alaska. But whereas most other nations have continued to hold their outlying possessions or have yielded them only under duress, Uncle Sam—despite the urgence of the Democratic national platform of 1928 which asked ultimate statehood for all Territories of the United States without exception—has more than once reached out into distant corners and taken command, only then to assist the natives to set up their own independent governments and withdraw. Cuba was a recent instance; the Philippines constitute a current one.

In truth the American desire for more land rarely crosses the horizon; the nation likes to think of itself as physically as well as politically one, and new parts to be admitted to the Union always thus far have adjoined States already in existence. If this is to be a continuing policy, and as the country now extends from ocean to ocean, it would seem that under any peaceful regime it could not grow any larger. Of course there are always greedy and unrepresentative citizens who talk nonsense about filling in the alien space between the Great Lakes and Alaska by annexing Canada, and closing up the southerly one between Texas and the Canal Zone by appropriating Mexico; but no living statesman worthy of the name would seriously entertain those thoughts. It was only about a month ago that the President sternly rebuked jingoes of the nation's fighting contingent for talking up an alleged necessity of seizing the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, the British island of Bermuda and certain of the West

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Indies. It had, he said, no justification whatever.

Circumstances have changed greatly since the framers of our Constitution, fresh from the War with England that resulted in our detachment, wrote into their preliminary Articles that, "Canada acceding to this Confederation, and joining in the measures of the United States, shall be admitted into, and entitled to all the advantages of this Union; but no other colony shall be admitted into the same unless such admission be agreed to by nine States."

Inside Partitions

WITHOUT betraying our best traditions we could not, in present circumstances, at least, increase our land holdings on the North American continent; but we might add to the number of States within the existing continental area. At least four States in the forty-eight now represented by stars on the flag, already have come into being in that manner. Vermont is really ground that was disputed between New York and New Hampshire; Maine is actually a cut of Massachusetts; Kentucky was once part of Virginia; and a great Civil War drew a line across Virginia and provided a West Virginia.

At this very writing there is agitation in California for a dividing line between north and south. There have been earnest proposals to make a separate State of Greater New York. And just to point to possibilities without immediate probabilities, there is a unique provision made in the agreement under which the sovereign State of Texas joined the Union. By a resolution of Congress March 1, 1845, it has the right to divide itself into as many as four States, each having the proper number of inhabitants, to be sure, without consulting Congress about it; and that is a privilege enjoyed by no other State in the roster.

The Republic started with Thirteen Colonies regarded as States already formed. At the close of the Revolutionary War the seaboard States not then hemmed in like Delaware, Maryland and Rhode Island, ceded their westward claims to the national Government, which thus acquired its first real strength for holding the Union together.

In 1803 Napoleon's pressing need of money for the realization of his ambitions made possible the purchase of that vast area west of the Mississippi then known as Louisiana. A treaty with Spain involving the purchase of Florida in 1819 brought in upwards of 72,000 square miles. Mexican border troubles resulted in the annexation and admission of Texas in 1845 and some further accessions from our southern neighbor at the close of the Mexican War in 1848. Lingering disputes over these led, in 1853, to the Gadsden Purchase of additional land for the United States comprised in large portions of present-day New Mexico and Arizona. The gain of more than 286,000 square miles in northern Oregon, was earlier, settled by the Webster-Ashburton Treaty in 1846.

Since 1853, therefore, the United States proper has taken on no abutting land. At the same time it is easily within living memory when there were a full dozen less stars in the blue field of the American flag. From the close of the War Between States in 1865, until now, the following States have come into being: Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, Utah, Idaho and Washington. Arizona and New Mexico are as recent as 1912, and Oklahoma as 1907.

When our nonogenarians were born, the Betsy Rosses of that day had to sew eight fewer stars than those just mentioned. There were no such markers then for California, Florida, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Nevada, West Virginia and Wisconsin.

The confirmed method of making a State, growing out of this experience that seems so much richer when one sees it all together, is to acquire the land first and then wait for it to attain a befitting status. The American routine was established by some of those same fathers of our nation whose wisdom in formulating the Constitution of the United States has been so especially manifest in the past two years.

Thomas Jefferson notably was so much attracted by the idea of future national expansion, although then the total population was probably not more than five or six million, and there could not have been much real immediate need of elbow room, that in planning the eventual subdivision of newly acquired territory, he even speculated on possible names for future States. Jefferson at this time headed a committee to report to Congress on a preliminary plan for the erection of seventeen new States in the territories north and south of the Ohio River, westward of the Alleghenies.

The Northwest Ordinance

IN THE arbitrary rectangular breakdown of the area, the blocks were given names that included Sylvania, Michigania, Cheronesus, Assenisipia, Metropotamia, Illinoia, Saratoga, Washington, Polypotamia and Pelisipia. He was joshed about it a great deal in his own time and by many historians since; but in the light of prophecy it would seem that the great man really did rather well.

The celebrated Northwest Ordinance that evolved from this plan became the practicable basis for the whole American definition of statehood. It was passed in 1787, and after holding unchanged for fifty years was then only supplanted by laws substantially the same. It has been copied and successfully applied in other countries. In spirit and largely in letter it has guided control of upwards of thirty territories that have been organized by the United States since it was first put into effect.

The Northwest Ordinance first of all provided a new Territory with a Governor and three Judges who were to set up laws best befitting the circumstances, taken at discretion from the statute books of existing States. In accordance with some supplementary "Articles of Compact," when the population reached 5,000 free men of majority age, other laws might be made by a popular legislative assembly; and when the total population of that sort came to 60,000, the territory might establish its own constitution and government. It was held that at this third stage a Territory might qualify for admittance

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to the Union on a basis of equality with the existing States. Congress reserved to itself, however, the right to admit a new State if desired before the culmination of this routine.

Details specified the nature of the laws to be drawn in the first instance, stipulating that they should maintain freedom of worship, encourage education, provide trial by jury with reasonable penalties, benefits of the writ of *habeas corpus,* security of property, sanctity of contracts, and general preservation of personal liberty. The nature of the first local legislative assembly was carefully indicated, and it was provided that the laws selected should be subject to the veto of Congress. The President of the United States appointed the Governor, with the approval of the Senate, and the people elected the upper and lower legislative houses. They might send delegates to the national House of Representatives, but these would have floor privileges only—no vote.

The Constitution of the United States *(Article III, section III),* has this to say: "New States may be admitted by the Congress into the Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State; nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States or parts of States, without the consent of the legislatures of the States concerned as well as of the Congress." But it is observable that in all of the provisions that are made, there are strings of reservation, barring a candidate for statehood from its objective until it had the unqualified approval of Congress. A Territory may fulfil all of the given requirements and still not be admitted on grounds *not* given.

Hawaii Wants In

THAT, for instance, is the situation of the Territory of Hawaii. The twenty lovely Pacific islands of that name, more than 2,000 miles off the American mainland, made overtures to the United States for annexation nearly four decades ago when revolution had ended the reign of Queen Liliuokalani. The bid was unsuccessful until the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. Territorial status was awarded by Congress April 30, 1900, with a clear understanding that Hawaii might hope for statehood.

The nine inhabited islands of Hawaii have a combined area of 6,407 square miles, which considerably exceeds the land surface of Delaware, or Connecticut or Rhode Island. According to the census of 1930 the population was 368,336, of which 130,411 were American citizens over 21. The latter figure is greater than the 1934 estimate for the State of Nevada, and the former outranks the estimates for the same year of Delaware and Vermont. About five million dollars per year is said to accrue to the United States Government from Hawaii. Excellent order has been maintained for many years under an appointed Governor, a senate and a house of representatives. The chief industry is the production of sugar of which the islands have a prodigious output.

Statehood has not been granted this Territory and there seems no early prospect of it being so given. In the meantime the islanders claim unfair discrimination of various sorts against them, large items in their complaints being curtailment of sugar production as opposed to encouragement in the same field to Cuba, a foreign country; refusal of Federal allowances for topographical surveys, and of similar funds for agricultural and trade schools.

Alaska Prepares

ALASKA, with an area in square miles of 586,400, which is more than ninety times that of Hawaii and far larger than any State in the Union, again figures in the news as the Government opens a colonization project by sending approximately two hundred families from Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin to live as homesteaders in the Matanuska Valley, north of Fairbanks.

Bought from Russia in 1867 by William H. Seward, Abraham Lincoln's former Secretary of State, it was not made a Territory until August 24, 1912. At that same time it was assigned a Governor and a legislature consisting of popular representatives. The 1930 census gives it a population of 59,278, the whites being 28,640, not ranking with the number of inhabitants in any State in the Union. The population is growing slowly and steadily, however, and there is hope of statehood before another generation has passed, especially as the airways continue to favor the Aleutian Islands as stepping stones to Asia, and the United States is relinquishing the vicinity of the Philippines for naval maneuvers in favor of northern waters of the Pacific, around Pearl Harbor. And speaking of pearls, turn to the Antilles.

As to possessions in the Atlantic, specifically in the Caribbean, there is now on its way to this country a committee representing a majority of the Puerto Rican legislature, coming to petition Congress to raise the island from the rank of a Possession to statehood.

There has been a good deal of acrimonious discussion over the Virgin Islands, which, early in January, 1917, were purchased by the United States from Denmark. Those who have obsolete atlases in their libraries will find them under the old name of the Danish West Indies. There are more than fifty islands in the group, but only three of importance—St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix. Some recent opinion has been that even these are of no importance. Nevertheless, they once did an import business with the United States of well over two million dollars annually, and they have a very certain basis of self-respect. Besides, there are various ways of estimating value in a national possession, as one may see in the new airway importance of Wake Island in the Pacific. Among army and navy men there is an opinion that the Virgin Islands may be indispensable some day when the engineers cut another canal across Nicaragua.

It will be particularly interesting to observe the outcome of the present Puerto Rican petitions because in 1932 the Democratic Party, in its platform, urged ultimate statehood for the island.

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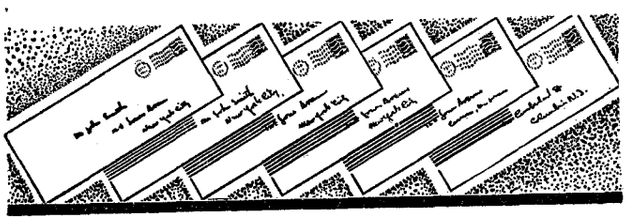
Scandal in the Mails

by Carroll Tillman

Following his indictment of the Post Office Department in May, this author now returns to the attack and proves in still other ways that the Government is guilty of alleged abuses for which it harries privately owned business throughout the nation.



PERHAPS the best example of a clean cut holding company, preëmpting functions foreign to its main enterprise, is in the postal savings bank business. The 1934 Post Office report makes a considerable boast of the efficiency of the Postal Savings Department. In fact the Postmaster General finds that it "shows clearly that the institution of a system of postal savings was statesmanlike, that the system long ago passed the experimental stage, and that it should be looked upon as a permanent Government institution."

Certainly this Post Office Department is in direct competition with all savings banks. Such competition cannot rest on the plea that there was a lack of deposit and savings facilities around town in commercial channels; nor as in the case of Money Order competition an absence of facilities, wherein it will be remembered that many people do not have resources sufficient to justify opening a checking account of any kind. But everybody can save, and the many five and ten cent savings banks in the country indicate that the meanest tithe or widow's mite can find security and convenience in well located commercial savings banks. This is self-evident.

The competition of the Post Office in this connection must therefore stand the very closest comparison with existing savings banks practice. And it happens that a good comparison does exist in the record of one of the mutual savings banks in Massachusetts.

The total deposits in the Postal Savings System at the end of the last fiscal year were reported at $1,197,920,188 and for the mutual Savings Bank of Massachusetts, which we have under consideration, $2,024,738,843.93. The final net profit on each $1000 deposited in the citizen owned savings bank was $44.30, or four and seven-sixteenths per cent.

Mr. Farley shows in his latest report that the Postal Savings System yielded a profit of $3.33 for each $1000 deposited, being less than private ventures, but Mr. Farley only pays 2 per cent while Massachusetts Savings Banks distributed in 1934, 3.19 per cent which means $11.90 more on each $1000 deposit. Hence deposit $1000 in a Massachusetts bank and receive $31.90 interest. Go to Mr. Farley and get $20 interest.

There is an ethical side too, since it is a penal offense in this country for the directorates of any bank to invest the money of its depositors in the stock or beneficial shares of its own corporation. In the case of the Post Office Department *all* of its investments are invested in the stock of the parent bank, viz: the securities of the United States Government which is the super holding agent of the Postal

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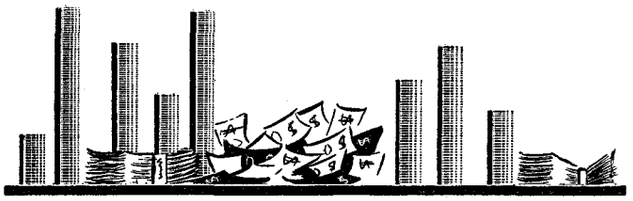

Savings Subsidiary. This is scarcely consistent.

The fact that the Postal Savings Department cannot give as high a return as private banks adds nothing to Wall Street's shame; but it does something to the asseverations on Capitol Hill. The "little fellow" is at a disadvantage in many ways when dealing with Public Utility Yardstick Number One.

Here now is one of the few efforts of the Government where a profit is made, but like all such cases, when it takes a profit it takes a good one. It manages to violate Rule B just the same.

Where the Government competes with the safe deposit department of regular commercial banks it is a little difficult to compress the ramified data, because commercial banks, unlike the Post Office Department, do not report the separate revenues or profits derived from the rental of safe deposit boxes. The fact that every bank has a safe deposit department, however, indicates that it must be a source of revenue and profit.

At any rate the revenue of the Post Office Department under the head of safety deposits is $6,515,411.11, being the revenue from rental boxes. Those who chafe at this comparison must remember that the Post Office profits in this effort because, usually, most of all mail is delivered by carriers, and when put in boxes at the office this delivery expense is saved. The customer pays to relieve the Government of part of its obligation.

When it is necessary for your bank or broker to transport negotiable stocks or bonds from one city to another they use the same postal message channels as when you yourself register a letter in the Post Office Department. Your registered letter and the bank's insured letter or parcel both move through regular Post Office channels; the only difference is that your "insurance policy," in case you use Public Utility Yardstick Number One, is stuck to the envelope itself in the form of a "registry" stamp. Both letters arrive on the same post, by either method of insurance.

Insurance Comparisons

THE shipment of a negotiable $1000 Liberty Bond in a registered letter "Return Receipt Requested" will cost you $1.13 plus postage. If it is lost the Government will use every energy to locate the culprit, if possible return the bond, and in any event put the culprit in jail; but there is no immediate indemnification. These are the clauses in your insurance policy issued by Uncle Sam, the premium for which is $1.13. Usually the commercial companies will indemnify you at once, the Government slowly.

The bank making this same shipment pays an insurance premium to one private insurance company in the amount of five cents, and in most cases if you are a good customer, the bank does not ask you to pay this small charge.

The total receipts of the registry division of the Post Office Department were $10,477,303.30. An operating loss equivalent to 61 cents on each dollar thus received was reported for 1934. In the instance cited the Government charges twenty-two times as much for insurance as its commercial prototype. Here is one more example where, even when asking a much higher rate, the Government loses money, and gives less satisfactory service.

Everyone remembers the Pecora inquiry into stock and bond selling in Wall Street and the all powerful Security Exchange Law—"with teeth in it." Well, Public Utilty Yardstick Number One is now in the brokerage business.

Bond Broking

BUT, in selling the new Baby Bonds, the Post Office Department, as broker, has violated almost every rule of the New Security Exchange Act which primarily requires full information on all security issues with an expansive display of the financial facts behind the "offering." You must assume that everything is all right, and while we know it is, still we also got "It's all right" in scores and hundreds of industrial bonds. Yet the new Security Exchange Law demands fullest publication of the audited facts of issue. Why shouldn't the Government seize this early chance to set the perfect example under its own law? Yet no "condition report" is furnished to the Baby Bond buyer.

The commission for selling these bonds is about 2.9 per cent inasmuch as no interest is paid on the loan during the first year. The Postal bookkeeping, advertising, delivery, and registration may absorb part of this, but most Government Bond Brokers would consider 2 per cent a whale of a good margin of commission, let alone 2.9 per cent!

The parcel post business in the United States is of huge proportions. The fact that the Wells Fargo and the Adams Express Company and many other express companies have disappeared in the past ten years testifies strongly to the contention of the Post Office Department that its parcel post service is expanding.

A commercial comparison it is found in 1928, the last year in which the American Express Company operated as an isolated corporation. In that year its net profit yield was five and one-half cents on each dollar of income. In 1933 the Post Office Department had from its own express business an income of $101,904,677.10 which compares with the $7,848,433 gross received by the American Express Company in 1928.

Business men, of course, prefer the Parcel Post service because it touches every citizen, something which the express company cannot well do. It is efficient too. At the same time a twenty ounce book in a cardboard container may be shipped by express from Boston to San Francisco for 15 cents whereas by parcel post it costs 26 cents; and while no one will

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deny the great flexibility and advantage of a good parcel post system, its deficits must be made up somehow.

It will occur to many that the large profit on three cent first class mail so greatly used by the inarticulate citizenry pays for the losses in this express business and for that of most of the others, too—a particularly typical holding company trick.

When you receive a special delivery letter you will notice stamped on the back a legend reading, "Fee Claimed by Office of First Address." This means now, that nine cents of the ten cents "special delivery" stamp is the only pay which the part time postal messenger receives for delivering the letter from your post office to your door; and naturally a delivery is attempted from the post office of the first address. The remaining one cent accounts for the special handling that this letter gets in the labyrinth of postal avenues. To this revenue is added the regular postage comprised in the usual stamp charge. Hence the post office gets four cents for transit and the special messenger gets nine cents for the hurried delivery of it to your door.

On the total twelve months' receipts of $7,801,984.10 this special delivery division of the Post Office Department turned in a profit of $590,246.25 or seven and one-half per cent profit on the net proceeds. This compares with a profit, in similar periods, of five and three-eighths per cent earned by one of the great telegraph companies which employs 12,200 boys. In the one instance the postal employee provides his own message-carrying equipment; in the other the uniformed messenger boy his bicycle.

The detective bureau run by the postal service enumerates about 700 employees. This compares with about 801 detective agencies in the United States. The upkeep of the Postal Detective Bureau is approximately $2,384,000 annually. Its staff investigated 22,154 malefactions within the ranks of its own employees and 27,413 among users of the mails.

Department of Justice Work

THERE is no special reason why the Post Office Department should do its own detective work when there are so many detective agencies and when so many defections are inside of the service itself. The judicial processes of every county seat are usually well served by a local detective bureau, whereas postal inspectors must migrate everywhere at an expense equal to 24¾% of the salary totals. This illustrates a function that could be entirely taken over by private enterprise, or should be transferred expense and all to the Department of Justice.

When we approach the next subsidiary interest of the Postmaster General we encounter one of the iridescent marvels of public utility yardstick accounting. If you want to send two pounds of candy to your sweetheart, and earnestly wish it to go on wings, then you buy a 15-cent "special handling" stamp, and the two pounds of candy will be specially handled throughout their journey, just like first class mail. Enough people used this expeditious service in 1934 to create total revenues of $229,905.15. But there was no expense. Nothing of ascertainable value was given in return. The books do not show it. So the whole amount—$229,905.15—is called profit!

We may turn now to the more general administration policies, and some of the more minute financial details connected with the two systems of public communication—post and telephone.

The first thing to be noticed is that telephone rates are supremely logical—one call five cents, and the more frequently used, the cheaper each of many calls become. But the mail classifications are not quite as simple. Nothing is sold on a wholesale basis. A breakdown of the ounce rate shows that you may pay two, three or four cents for various forms of that "first class" service; but the rate for one, is the rate for a million.

The Postal Class War

YOU may also get "first class" service for "second class" matter, and also for *free* matter of any classification. There are no wholesale rates. Some "third class" bulk rates are higher than the "second class" rates. Some rates are the same in two classifications, as in the case of books. Over three and one-half times as much "second class" mail as "first class" is carried, but its rates are so unscientific that it loses four times as much per piece as the "third class" which carries one quarter the tonnage.

The widest extremes in the postal rate table show that every time you use up your yardstick of stamps in sending Christmas greetings the postal service has taken 33 1/5% of your postage dollar as profit. On the other hand if you send a half bushel of Maine potatoes to San Francisco (and one doesn't do that every day), $3.34 will be required as parcel postage and the Government will lose 62½ cents instead of wisely protecting itself with a generous margin of profit for this, the most hazardous phase of its service. In this it elects to take the largest loss per unit carried.

It is in this philosophy of rates and profits, wherein one of the main divergencies in the practice of the "yardstick' and the "holding company" occurs. The Post Office Department operates on a basis where the service which has the lowest cost per unit to the consumer is the one that extracts the highest profit from that customer; and the service which is used the least by the little fellow (parcel post) creates the largest loss of any per unit.

In the matter of a reduction in the retail cost of public utility service generally, it is not necessary to go into all-embracing figures. Gas rates have been steadily reduced. Electric current is cheaper than

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ever. The familiar records concerning telephone rates are dramatic. Five cents has been the price of a pay station telephone call as long as anyone can remember. The most used telephone service, that lying between 710 to thousands of calls monthly and now standing at three and one-half cents, is the cheapest. On the other hand the registration stamp, inaugurated in 1885 and which had still been ten cents in 1924, was raised 50% to 15 cents, the present rate. Money order fees (inaugurated 1864) were three cents to 30 cents as late as 1924, but are now scaled from a six cent minimum to 22 cents for $100. This is an increase of 100% in the minimum charge and a decrease of 26 2/3% in the maximum rate.

The postage rate was two cents for a one-ounce letter until 1932. An increase of 50% in the cost of this service now hangs like a millstone about the neck of private business of every description. It was inaugurated just as the cost of living was due to drop its 21½% between 1931 and 1934 (from 1931 High to 1933 Low); and Congress did it.

Business Expansions

By the measure of gross revenue, the Post Office Department has enlarged two and one-twenty-fifth times in the twenty-year period, and the Telephone Company four and one-eighth. It must be presumed that plant and facilities expanded pro rata with the growing financial acceptance of each enterprise. The Post Office Department deficit behind each postal employee accumulated in that twenty year period is $4,075.00. (Total $932,609,912). The investment behind each telephone instrument has in the period increased from $148 to $315. During the last ten years the Telephone Company has paid $855,240,000 in taxes and the Postal Service has created $815,000,047,390 in losses.

This general acceptance and efficiency is undoubtedly more accurately measured by the muster of heads. The number of employees in the Post Office Department increased 36,866 in that period, or 19⅛%, while Telephone workers grew by 114,566. The Telephone Company has given more work to more people proportional with its expansion than is true of our Federal "yardstick."

The general abuses due to monopolistic control in the case of the Telephone Company must be very small. Executive salaries took 17 cents out of your annual telephone bill of $48. Over ten years, dividends equalling $1,346,240,000 have been distributed to an average of about 680,000 persons; and as we have seen, it is this fidelity to sound prudence in management which enabled the Telephone Company to underwrite in taxes during the last decade the Postal loss of $815,047,390 with $40,192,610 to spare. Whatever the abuses of monopoly may be they are, if existent at all, a poison so slow that no agent of snoop has been able exactly to define them.

In point of fact the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, with twenty-four subsidiaries, is so far from being a monopoly that it suffers daily competition from more than 7,000 independent telephone companies. These lesser companies control 3,437,000 telephones out of the total of 16,600,000.

Our careful citizen may now logically draw together the five major divisions of postal holding company incoherences, which, although unrelated to the species of laboratory analysis in the preceding parts of this discussion, now may be subjected to the everyday logic of plain business sense. At the same time it must be borne in mind that none of these financial exhibits is in any way a result of wilfulness or incompetency in postal management. All are results of a Congressional mandate. Here is the citizen's vestpocket abridgment of Public Utility Yardstick Number One (and the citizen need not be a statistician to see that these Congressional mandates make Government operation so costly and unbusinesslike):

(1) He views with pride the regular gross totals of strictly postal business, and even forgets its rate inequalities, when confronted by its 11½% net profits. Of all revenues 66¾% come from exclusively postal business. This amounts to $395,226,421, and only $349,548,351 was needed to supply the service, hence a laudable profit of $45,678,070.

(2) The total gross revenue diverted from American business in the "competitive efforts" of the postal holding company, amounted to $156,130,681.74 or 26.6% of the total of all business done by the Department. This "competition" was consummated at a loss of $29,256,852.31. Compared with all division losses this loss is smallest in percentage, compared with gross revenues, showing that the Government can do almost as well as legitimate business when copying its methods and nicking off some of its customers.

(3) The total postal expenditures under all forms of "subsidy" (mild or otherwise) amounted to $63,322,579.77. Of this $43,267,919.43 was reported as a loss over revenues. This loss absorbed 95% of the profit on "regular business"—the three cent letter chiefly. Taken alone it equals 79½% of the grand total of the 1934 deficit, which was actually $54,461,714.80, if we withdraw the support of the 1930 "hide it" law.

(4) Free passes on railroads used to be a great congressional football. How wrong it was only Dad knows. But what would you think of a public utility which spent $33,613,337 or five and three-quarters per cent of its revenues on political aunts, cousins, uncles, and voters? Especially voters? The postal system works under statutes which cannot be catalogued as other than "Class Concessions for Political Benefits" calling for expenditures of $33,613,337.94 of which $31,918,175.48 is loss. This takes 26¾% more away from the profit derived from first class mail (which when isolated as the parent enterprise operates at a 33⅓% profit).

(5) The last segment of Postal affairs must be attributed, in its fiscal remoteness, to the "limitations of accountancy," because "unrelated" and "unassignable" revenues amounted to $14,430,142.21. Just the same, a like "unassignable expenditure" of $10,126,979.91 was reported and the "unassignable" profit was $4,303,162.30 or 29.8% on the transactions, whatever they were. One item of $229,905 in this division was all profit; no expense whatever was incurred. But the items making up this total profit

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are so nebulous that no accounting term can be found to illuminate them, or, if found, it was not revealed in the annual report to the rightful stockholders—you and I.

Here are the five "inner" divisions we have just described for one year in the life of the Post Office Department: Legitimate postal activities brought a revenue of $395,226,421 with a profit, over expenditures, of $45,303,162. Efforts competing with citizens cost $185,387,534 and in the light of income showed a loss of $29,256,852. A loss of $43,267,919 was taken by the point-blank subsidies, which cost $63,322,579 to run. Another considerable loss, $31,918,175, arose out of political concessions upon which the sum of $33,613,337 was expended. Limitations of accountancy, despite charges of $10,126,979, showed a profit of $4,303,162.

When you boil these five "holding company" segments down to the simple structure that the Utility Bill is seeking to impose on holding companies generally, we find that the profit, based on revenues, is 11½%, which is clearly far above the six per cent "fair return" which politicians grudgingly concede to utilities. But anyone can see that this profit from legitimate activities *must* be *big*, in order to support subsidiaries that have naught to do with postal matters, but which in reality spring from "political class concessions" and "competitive enterprises."

Reduced to readily conceivable figures the Telephone Company had a net clear profit in 1933 of $2.62 on each dollar at work. The Post Office Department, if we assume that it had a corresponding corporation set-up as to plant values and taxation, would have lost $9.25 on each dollar at work.

There are many more delightful comparisons which are dear to the heart of statisticians, but the main points have already been covered. You are now ready to draw such conclusions as may appear fair. In drawing them you will naturally inquire how much larger your taxes will be if the telephone business is to be operated with the same efficiency as the Post Office Department. On the basis of the fiscal years that we have been considering, taxpayers would have had to make good a deficit of $78,850,000 instead of having gained, if our telephone business was operated as efficiently as its "yardstick."

Subsidies "Don't Count"

By hasty connivance of a little law in 1930 postal deficits due to subsidy—political concessions of $66,623,129.83—are "not to be counted." Hence Mr. Farley can boast of a "surplus" of $12,161,415.03, when actually $54,461,714.80 more was disbursed than received. Imagine this sort of thing in any business. The only thing that the American Telephone & Telegraph Company (or any other business) needs to do is to lose $9.25 on every dollar, and in five years they will be as extinct as any Senator can hope for.

When all is said and done nothing that the new Federal Communications Commission can discover with its pin money of $750,000 will wash out the fact that the Post Office Department, in increasing 50% the price of the most useful service it renders, has definitely struck the attitude of soaking its smaller, helpless or inarticulate customers by charging all that traffic will bear. Contrasted with the steady gradual decrease in telephone rates, this "monopoly pressure" by Uncle Sam will be a guiding mark to the careful analytical citizen.

In coming to a conclusion he will, of course, add to his general increase in taxation and cost of living the fact that the value of his telephone securities in shrinking 14.6% from the establishment of the Federal Communications Commission in 1934, has now declined three times as rapidly as the four and nine-tenths per cent decline in general securities, and has amounted to $324,000,000. This sum would have financed postal service at 1934 standards for the next six years.

How can Representative Fletcher ask the Telephone Company to cut its profit of 14⅞% on one five-cent phone call, when the Post Office takes a 33 1/5% profit on a three-cent letter? Perhaps the following capitulation will serve as the answer.

The Inevitable Conclusion

And this brings us to the very crux of the situation. The most conspicuous hope of the New Deal is to create all wealth as a general reservoir equally shared by all. Any loss is a loss from the general total to be distributed. Continued losses leave that much less for everyone. Every public utility yardstick erected by the Government may competently be expected to lose some part of the country's wealth; and the wealth of the country as a whole will be seriously diminished by the constant erection of yardsticks, because their most conspicuous attribute is the art of losing money.

The only emergency to be observed by our gentle readers in these yardstick phases of the Depression is an emergency in arithmetic, with the surest redemption an epidemic of common sense.

If the cost of telephone service were to increase as rapidly in the next two years as the cost of postal service has in the past two, then in 1937 telephone calls would be four and three-quarter cents instead of the present four and one-eighth cents.

On the other hand, if the stockholders of the Bell System were to be the sole beneficiaries of a Government-owned telephone system, they would receive instead of their present annual average dividends of two hundred and forty-six dollars a tax bill for one hundred and fifteen dollars, which would make a difference in their annual receipts of three hundred and sixty-one dollars—but it would be on the wrong side of the ledger.

The Post Office conception of profit is diametrically opposed to the general commercial practice in mass-producing America. The Government yardstick charges the masses more money for the simple letter service, which they cannot do without, than for any of its other products. This is only what unscrupulous holding companies are supposed to do.

You will find the figures on the one hand delightfully simple, because of the great parallelism in the retail functions of postal and telephone service with which the citizen comes into closer daily contact.

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You will find that telephone service is delivered on the basis of a rate structure divided into only five tariff schedules. These are as follows:

a. Business telephone service, 100 calls, 6¢ ea.
b. Single pay station calls, 5¢ ea.
   Minimum home telephone service 100 calls, 5c ea.
c. Business calls, over 100 monthly, 4¢ ea.
d. Business calls, over 210 monthly, 3½¢
   Business calls, over 710 monthly, 3½¢
e. Unlimited switchboard calls within one organization, free.

But it has taken many preceding paragraphs even to sketch, in contrast with this simple arrangement, the complex schedules of the Post Office Department.

Looking at the whole case from the dollars and cents standpoint, the Postal Yardstick efforts break down into five great lines of activity. First are what may be called the legitimate postal activities. These brought during 1934, a revenue of $395,226,421, and despite expenditures of $349,548,351, they showed a profit of $45,303,162.

In second place are the activities competing with those citizens, who probably, in a spirit of outrage, prefer to think of them as being in first place. There are plenty of these citizens, too, ranging all the way from those heading large privately-owned utilities to thousands of small business men who conduct errand boy services. But anyway, this division, with a revenue of $156,130,681, lost in this same year $29,256,852 because the cost was $185,387,534.

Third come the point-blank subsidies. Here there is a loss of $43,267,919, which is figured as the difference between a revenue of $20,054,660 and expenses of $63,322,579. Fourth are the political concessions, in which place are to be found losses amounting to $31,918,175, arising out of the juxtaposition of $1,695,162 revenue and $33,613,337 expenditures. In the fifth group, however, which may be called Limitations of Accountancy, there shows another profit—this time of $4,303,162. Expenditures of this last group are $10,126,975, as opposed to revenue totalling $14,430,142.

It is easy to see that too much mail is carried free, or at low rates, or at excessive subsidies. All this is a direct burden on the everyday citizen who uses only the "first class" rates except at Christmas; yet he bears the whole loss burden throughout the year. He is the real Santa Claus. Before 1932 the two cent rate produced a real profit almost every year of its use. The three cent rate simply makes up for the various increasing deficits already shown. The "little fellow" does not know that he is paying so dearly.

The June 30, 1934 report of the Postmaster-General tells much of the story. The reader is referred to Page 96 on which appears Table 18, entitled *Unit Postal Revenues and Expenditures, Mail Matter Revenue and Expense per Piece and per Pound.* The figures represent cents. Here is how it goes:

Class	*Revenue*	*Cost*	*Deficit*	*Profit*
First (incl. air mail)				
pc.	2.85188	1.90389	—	.94790
lb.	112.27659	74.95827	—	37.31832
Second				
pc.	.53601	2.49822	1.96221	
lb.	2.02429	9.43471	7.41042	
Third				
pc.	1.38816	1.86702	.47886	
lb.	19.37260	26.05541	6.68281	
Fourth				
pc.	19.19688	22.78703	3.59015	
lb.	3.86829	4.59173	.72344	
Penalty				
pc.		1.51621	1.51621	
lb.		5.59745	5.59745	
Franked				
pc.		3.26525	3.26525	
lb.		7.41151	7.41151	

The figures may represent cents, but when the pieces and pounds stand forth in their respective totals, the cents quickly multiply into dollars. The original table refers to what is here called simply "Deficit" as "Excess of Apportioned Expenditures over Revenues," and to what appears as "Profits" under the heading "Excess of Revenues over Apportioned Expenditures," which may or may not be an advantage.

If we can properly interpret the Congressional mind today, as exposed in the terms of the Utility Bill, it seems that it wants all utility service riveted to the single basis of selling one particular thing, by one corporation, at cheap rates to individual users and definitely without entanglements, "interests" or subserviences. We may group these Congressional objections as follows:

a. Regular users have been forced to pay unwittingly, in excessive rates, for the routine improvement of service.
b. Failure to *reduce* rates during the years of declining prices.
c. Profits due to entanglement of subsidiary accounts have been excessive; hence an investigation should be commenced for "the information and protection of the public."
d. General abuses due to monopolistic control of facilities.

There are other Congressional requirements, but these are the chief ones.

The analytical citizen will not fail to take into consideration that the many subsidiary operations of the Post Office Department compete directly and dynamically with businesses already established by the citizenry, whereas the Telephone Company and other privately owned utilities have actually created entire new industries and cannot logically therefore be competing in their operations with anything which the citizens themselves have not desired to do.

The citizen need not be a statistician to come to the proper conclusion. It is these Congressional mandates which make Government ownership and operation of enterprise so costly and unbusinesslike. You may be excused for feeling that when the Post Office makes its annual report, it is really getting a laugh on Congress at the expense of the citizens.

This is the second of two important articles by Mr. Tillman dealing with the postal monopoly. The first appeared in the May number.

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Mentioned in Passing

by Edwin Myers

AS THE whole nation totters with exhaustion after five Depression years and wonders where on earth will come the strength to carry new loads consigned to destinations much too far ahead, it is strange that the spotlight of the news never is turned on the citizen whose devotion has carried the United States to this point of progress, such as it is, and whose stamina offers the only real hope that this fine country will survive.

He is the middle class family man whose daily labors and whose thrift pay not only the charity dispensed by Government relief, but the salaries and overhead of those who administer it. He owns a little land with a paid-for dwelling house upon it and keeps both orderly and productive. He fosters the causes of clean living, the honest pursuit of happiness and loyalty to home and country. His offspring are the citizens of tomorrow, and he rears them in courage, a love of decency and humane service.

Newspapers pass him by because in their opinion he is not news. He never robbed a bank; he has not committed murder; he has never even received a ticket for parking his car beside a fire hydrant or passing a red light. But in the broad view, it is discovered astoundingly that on his behalf primarily, ships sail the seven seas, railroads and other motor conveyances traverse meadows and mountains and airplanes traffic past the sun and moon.

We'll Miss Him

THE loss of one man of this superior race is a national calamity; and on May 4, 1935, in a little village outlying New York City, one died. In all probability others like him departed these troublous times on the same day, and even perhaps during the same hour, in other communities from Coast to Coast; but this man happened to be one whom we knew. We will honor him, therefore—and let those who knew the others honor them.

Out of respect to his widow and his children, who are unaccustomed to thinking of his kindly presence in terms of public greatness, and, who are somewhat fearful of what an attention as unprecedented as this may do to a beloved memory, his name shall not now be given. But the omission is not serious. The names of Lincoln and Washington have no real significance without the men, and the men without the names would still have reached their ideals of service.

The subject of this present notice was born in 1866 on a farm about a mile outside of a little hamlet in Oneida County, in upper New York State. Had he survived till next October he would have been aged 69. His father and grandfather before him had lived on the same farm and in the same house. He knew the hard labors of an Eastern farm before the days of tractors and electric milkers. He was only six or seven when his mother died, and there were three young sisters to be cared for.

Not every boy he knew had his opportunity to attend the little red schoolhouse a mile away at Vernon Center. He prized his advantage even if dearly won. At intervals in his farm work he managed to attend Oswego Normal School, from which he emerged in due course to teach.

About 1896, while Grover Cleveland was in his second presidential term, he came to New York.

In 1902 he asked the girl he had met at Oswego Normal School to marry him, and she consented. She it is who survives. In 1906 he joined a group of other teachers in purchasing a tract of ground some twenty miles northward on the east bank of the Hudson, and on his share of it built a house where he and the girl from Oswego Normal School reared a splendid son and an equally splendid daughter. Out of a pedagogical salary sadly cut in the years after the First World War but supplemented with teaching in summer school, he gave both these children college educations. He had the joy of seeing both attain Phi Beta Kappa.

His duties as a citizen he performed with conscience and a wise judgment. In the first years of the land development, he and his brother teachers, fighting for their own rights in a sleepy little community, aroused the whole place to civic responsibility. He was a God-fearing man; on election day he cast his vote according to the dictates of his conscience; he paid his bills—and when he died he left provision for his family. He was loved, respected and is mourned.

All pretense and self-delusion aside, these are signs of a remarkable man.

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The Economic War

Reported by Edward H. Collins

There's no peace between nations. When army guns are silenced trade war begins. Here are the latest bulletins

With more frankness than governments are accustomed to employ, the United States has recently spoken its mind on the whys and wherefores of currency devaluation. No more is discussion of the subject beclouded by talk about the need for a dollar with an unchanging debt paying power and the need for higher price levels, about Warren gold price theories, etc.

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The Morgenthau Speech

Secretary Morgenthau, in his radio speech, has said bluntly that the devaluation of the dollar was a success because it won back for this country the proportionate volume of foreign trade which it had in 1930, the year before Great Britain abandoned gold and the round of currency depreciation began. The rest of the world considers the 1930 share of available trade too large, but Mr. Morgenthau spoke as though there was no doubt the 1930 figure was a just one and the minimum this country could accept.

In still other ways was that speech of Mr. Morgenthau's of the very first importance in a trade sense. By coming out for stabilization of currencies now, he signified that he wished to preserve the gains in trade which this country had secured after the devaluation of the dollar; and he went further by indicating that the United States was prepared to reduce still more, if necessary, the gold content of the dollar as a means of preserving the current trade *status quo*. He made it clear, furthermore, that the present Administration would not look with pleasure on a resumption of foreign lending for the purpose of improving exports. The trade policy he outlined was, on the whole, nationalistic and not lacking in aggressiveness.

There is this to be said about devaluation: it makes things look better, whether they are or not. The Administration has asserted that the dollar value of this country's exports last year had a gain of 27 per cent. The League of Nations statistical service shows, however, that, in terms of the old dollar, American exports in 1934 actually declined from $1,279,000,000 to $1,253,000,000, a drop of 26 million dollars.

A sign of the approach of the silly season is to be found in the recommendation of Chester C. Davis, A. A. A. Administrator, that the United States make Europe buy more American agricultural produce by refusing to sell it all of the American automobiles and other manufactured products it wants. American automobile exports last year, you see, increased 120 per cent, while cotton exports, which is the stock in trade of the A. A. A., decreased 30 per cent.

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South of Panama

The United States has scored what appears to be an economic victory in Brazil at the expense of Germany. The National Foreign Trade Council of the United States openly claims credit for this move. It put out a statement referring to the successful completion of the campaign it initiated to cancel the German plan to pay for Brazilian products in registered marks. These marks could be used only for the purchase of German goods. The arrangement gave undue advantage to German exporters.

Argentina makes the following contribution to the large volume of nationalistic trade news: The Argentine Government has taken steps to prevent control of the country's new and growing cotton industry from passing into foreign hands. A national cotton board has been established to exercise strict control over the industry from the selection of the seed to the sale of the ginned product. Appointment of the board came two days after it was announced that American interests were ready to invest $10,000,000 in the installation of cotton gins and mills in Argentina. The decree indicated that the government would sponsor an intensive planting program in the next three years.

While not as important as Brazil as a cotton grower, Argentina increased its cotton production 32 per cent last year. It passed the Netherlands as an exporting nation last year, ranking ninth. Argentine exports in the first quarter were at the highest level since 1930, and in the first four months exports amounted to 561,000,000 pesos, a gain of 57,000,000 pesos in the year. American cotton, meeting increasing competition from Brazil and Argentina, can soon, it is promised, expect the north Chilean desert region to be transformed into a cotton growing district. Peru's foreign trade last year, featured by heavier exports of oil and cotton, reached a new record high volume.

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Japan May Strike

Canada may be the first country to feel the force of the law passed in Japan in 1933 allowing the Government to retaliate against those countries placing restrictions on Japanese goods. The ire of the Japanese has been raised against Canada, which sells to Japan three times as much as it buys, because the Canadian government values Japanese imports for tariff purposes at the former parity of exchange, or more than 300 per cent above the current market rate.

The Japan Trade Council has appointed a committee to consider measures to balance trade with Germany, Australia and the Scandinavian countries, from all of which Japan buys more than it sells. Japan has sent an economic mission to Brazil, whose main purpose is to see whether enough Brazilian cotton may be bought to make Japan less dependent upon the United States as a source of supply.

It is significant that Japanese takings of American cotton declined 54 per cent in March, compared with a decline of only 10 per cent in Indian cotton purchases. While Japan bought one-third of the American cotton sold abroad in the nine months ended April, 1935, the hullabaloo being raised in this country over a few hundred thousand dollars worth of Japanese textile imports, together with the court order excluding Japanese electric light bulbs from this market, has driven Japan to look elsewhere, as much as possible, for its cotton.

Japan is about to graduate with the latest degree in export tactics, which calls for the exporting nation to establish factories in foreign countries, thus hurdling tariff walls. Japanese interests are planning to establish an automobile factory and a steel mill in India. The Japanese

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foreign office is negotiating a commercial treaty with Irak. Toquilla shoots are being bought by Japanese agents in the Manglaralto district of Ecuador for cultivation in Formosa as part of Japan's intended invasion of the Panama hat trade.

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Swiss Franc and Holland Guilder

THERE ARE only two currencies on the Continent, the Swiss franc and the Netherlands guilder, which still preserve their pre-war gold value.

Whether the Swiss unit is to remain any longer on that parity will be decided on June 2, when the populace will vote on amendments to the constitution in the report on the Popular Initiative to Check the Economic Crisis and Suffering. The question being put to a popular vote is a plan which would prevent wage reductions, maintain prices of agricultural and trade products, provide systematic employment and adequate unemployment insurance, regulate and control the capital and export capital markets and control cartels and trusts. If the citizenry votes in favor of this proposal, it is a foregone conclusion that Switzerland will be added to the list of countries that are out to get a larger share of world trade by currency depreciation.

Holland has no currency referendum in prospect, but the guilder is not secure beyond fear of attack. Netherlands exports in April of 50,000,000 guilders were at a new post-war low, principally because of increasing clearing difficulties in Germany and competition with Japan in the East Indies and Far East. The government has submitted to the States General a plan for a cut in general expenditures of 75,000,000 guilders.

Belgium, until recently a member of the gold bloc club, finds its unemployment decreased by 25,000 in the first five weeks after devaluation. Belgian exports are better, and so much capital has returned home that the conversion was a complete success. The one adverse feature of the devaluation situation is the claim of 125,000,000 francs filed by the Duchy of Luxemburg against Belgium, since the latter's bank notes were current in Luxemburg.

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Germany's Munitions Putsch

GERMANY is intensifying its drive to raise a large fund for subsidizing exports so that the necessary raw materials may be bought abroad for equipping German arms.

This export fund is another of Germany's many contributions to latter day international trade practices. Dr. Schacht is raising the fund, it appears, in two ways. Direct contributions are being sought from industry, and the turnover tax is being raised from 2 to 4 per cent.

Point is given to the drive for increased reports by the April trade figures, which revealed that Germany's external trade had again recorded an adverse balance. The favorable balance of 12,000,000 marks in March, the signal for so much jubilation in the Reich—for it was believed to be a turn in the trade tide—gave way to a 19,000,000 mark adverse balance in April. Imports increased from 353,000,000 to 359,000,000 marks, while exports declined to 340,000,000 from 365,000,000 marks.

Germany is trying to arrange to pay for heavier imports from Chile of nitrate of soda, so essential to the manufacture of explosives, by delivery of twenty-five locomotives ordered from German makers in December. Considerable success is being met with by Germany in barter deals with San Salvador. Thirty automobiles of German make have just been laid down in San Salvador in exchange for Salvadorean coffee, and many of the Salvadorean shops are stocked up with German goods obtained through exchange of coffee.

A trade controversy seems to be in the making between Germany and Norway. Germany is building its own whaling fleet to supply its increased whale oil requirements, heretofore supplied by Norway. The whale oil is used in the manufacture of margarine for the poorer classes, which cannot well afford to pay the higher prices for agricultural fats.

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France Not So Sure

ALTHOUGH France still adheres to the gold value of the Poincare franc and all official pronouncements swear that this value will be maintained in perpetuity, Professor Charles Rist, France's No. 1 economist and former vice-governor of the Bank of France, has opened the door ever so slightly to devaluation. As M. Rist goes, as the sports writers would put it, so goes France. What he has lately said is that if the pound and dollar were tied to gold in unchanging ratio, and if the gold currencies were stabilized "at a given level," world trade would improve through confidence in monetary stability.

The sorry plight into which French government finances are descending gives assurance that French officialdom will be less and less curt in dismissing all suggestions of devaluation. The Paris financial press is beginning to say over and over that, as regards devaluation, the government doth protest too much. And the French public, manifesting its skepticism of the government's repeated assertions that the franc's present gold value is inviolable, has been sending funds out of the country and buying stocks and commodities in increasing quantities, just to be on the safe side if devaluation and inflation should take place.

The need for heavier armament expenditures appears at the worst possible time for the Cabinet. Even without the heavier needs of the military, the budget is far out of balance. Bigger armament outlays are helping to relieve unemployment, the number of jobless having fallen 50,000, or 10 per cent, in March and April; but they are making the budget situation take on a more hopeless aspect. If the franc should hit the devaluation trail, it is sure to have as company the rest of the gold bloc.

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Italy Wavers, Too

THE ACTIVITIES of the war plant continue to be the most important influence on Italy's economy, and the effect of these feverish preparations is being strongly felt in one direction in the United States. Copper prices in recent weeks have been strong, and exports have been increasing. The Bureau of Metal Statistics says that the pickup in copper exports in March over February is traceable largely to increased takings by Italy.

The price situation in Italy is getting more out of hand. With Italy curbing imports, as Germany does, so that available foreign exchange may be used to buy war materials, the price level has arisen about 20 per cent in the last few months, even though Mussolini promised a year ago, as he put into effect a 10 per cent wage cut, to reduce the cost of living. Prices are mounting because of the growing shortage of imported goods.

American exporters are finding it increasingly difficult to do business with Italy because of the import restrictions and because of the preference of Italy for barter deals. Negotiations for a trade treaty between the United States and Italy have been held up because, about the time discussions were to begin, the latter put an embargo on imports and assigned only small quotas to this country.

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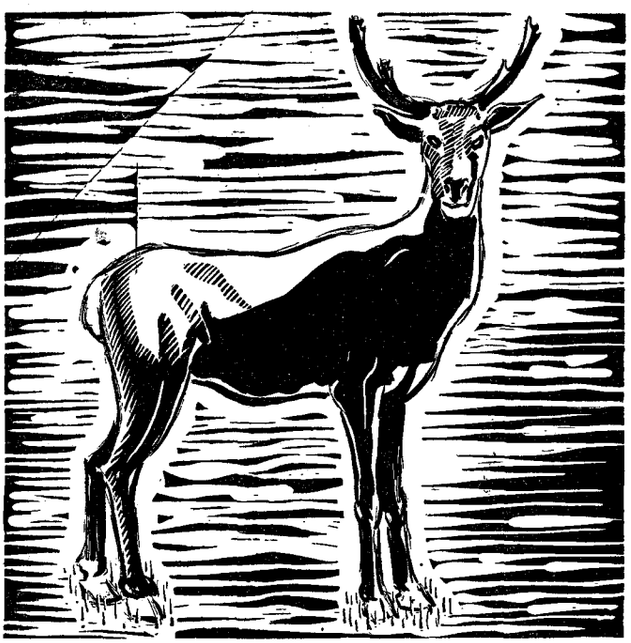
Return of the Iron Deer

by Arthur Edwin Krows



He is the welcome symbol of a time two generations back when all that mattered in life could be seen in a single view. There was peace of mind then. Surely the prospect of peace of mind for our people is a trend vastly worth remarking.

WITHOUT challenging the preeminence of the rainbow as a sign of better things to come, one may remark in hopeful spirit the lesser portents of recovery; and among these to be seen against the turbulent skies of a New Deal is the iron deer that has just been noticed on the lawn of a country gentleman's estate in New Jersey.

The iron deer, life-size and with antlered head upraised in the attitude of listening, was one of the familiar outward signs of life in that gentler end of the Victorian reign known to America as the Gay Nineties. It belonged with another ornament representing two laughing children close together under an umbrella from the ferule of which spouted a fountain, but it was the graceful deer that was destined to bear the opprobrium of the generation that swept the Gay Nineties away.

In truth, the iron deer, glimpsed through the stately trees as the Sunday carriage was drawn past by the well-groomed team of horses clicking their hoofs rhythmically on the macadam road, was a rather lovely thing to see. Despite what irreverent youth had to say of it, it was more restful than the crouching tigers in bronze that the new century was setting up in its parks, and perhaps more consistent with the landscape, for deer belong in our woods and tigers do not.

Today the iron deer, to one who has seen the years between pass, is the symbol of a time of comparative peace of mind. Its recurrence on that New Jersey lawn and in some other suburban places, is a sort of manifest that despite the spiritual despair caused by unemployment and unending taxes, the world is going to be seen once more in a proper light and people may be happy again.

Surely the prospect of peace of mind for our people is a trend vastly worth remarking, for it is not our present needs that trouble us nearly as much as what is to become of us in future. How can we ever hope to pay off the terrific burden of indebtedness that a rashly experimenting Government sees fit to thrust upon us? How can we have spirit to strive for the ancient rewards of achievement when achievement in the end means only a gilded poorhouse? By twenty-four-hour standards the future looks dark indeed.

But Nature is wiser than Presidents, and her laws, operative now as in the time of Moses, will somehow pull us out. In the broad view therefore, even the most outrageous attempt of our legislators to dismiss Nature, must appear as absurd and ineffective as the behavior of that preposterous Mrs.

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Partington who once tried to mop up the Atlantic Ocean when it invaded her door. There is merit, it seems, in the old admonition to put one's trust in heaven.

At the start of the present century the younger generation, stirred by visions of opportunity conjured by inventions of the time, did not want rest. Youth in 1900 was having too much rest; it was out of patience with its elders who were maddeningly content to dawdle along in the old-fashioned way. Consequently it pulled the iron deer from its pedestal and hooted into the discard everything for which it stood.

Now that generation, grown to adult life, is fed up with restlessness, the unceasing drive of all the world's new toys. So are its children, who constitute the new youth movement, and who never have known anything else. All of them crave peace—and the iron deer prefigures the soothing landscape. Hence once more are cultivated in a spirit of sentimental longing, the derby hat, puffed sleeves, the what-not, the goldfish aquarium and even a portable mantelpiece, with a make-believe fire in the grate, all of them esteemed not so long ago to be on the lowest level of vulgar taste, but now cherished as precious properties on the modern scene.

The whole truth is not to be found exclusively in any of these items, but in them all broadly in one great sweep—and then it appears in the great comforting fact that America is settling down.

Times seemed happier in America at the close of the 19th century, because the circumstances of one's life were then easily within the range of one's vision; they were understandable because, by and large, one could see them. The needs of respectable existence could be met in the confines of a single community. Doctor, lawyer, schoolmaster, storekeeper, banker and all the others making up the round of service, were not mere utilities but characters known to the family, distinguishable for human traits and themselves so inter-dependent that neighborliness had to be an accepted order of the day.

Other Times—Other Manners

IT WAS not the people, however, who made those times. It was the other way around. There were no automobiles—that is, to speak of; few good roads; telephones were uncommon; little electric lighting in private homes and many more deficiencies from an up-to-date point of view. People had to stay pretty much in local areas; they had few transportation facilities save steam and horse cars for traveling far by day and returning home by night. Their time was consumed in accomplishing what are in 1935 insignificant tasks, running errands that the telephone would care for now, carrying loads that to one with an automobile are of no moment whatever. There was no point in staying up late in the evenings. They provided their own amusements; individuals played and sang and recited. And with acquaintanceships so sharply developed in the neighborhood it was natural that codes of behavior were more rigid and that stricter obedience to them was exacted.

But while the elders held to their codes and their well-understood social system of the community, all the forces out of which were to emerge the feverish activities of the next three or four decades were latent in that period. Youth seeking its own place in the sun, promptly seized them. Youngsters were not content with horses and carriages; they wanted motor cars. The serviceable gas light became as obsolete as a tallow candle to a generation demanding incandescent bulbs. The telegraph was regarded by this reckless generation as a mere subterfuge when a telephone might be had.

The Machine Age Begins

THUS THE major invention of the new day were literally swept into general use, and after them came the thousand and one lesser gadgets that were to revolutionize American living standards. New and better roads were laid like magic carpets for the improving horseless carriages; pole crews and linemen strung electric power cables and the voice highways of the telephone network; refrigerator cars brought previously perishable products across the continent to the consumer's door, and the rest of that overwhelming 20th century tide roared in and took possession.

Sleepy little villages off the main line of the railroad, rubbed their eyes and sat up, startled and alert when the automobile made them accessible. Rural free delivery and parcels post encouraged the spread of cheap and superior reading matter in national magazines and better newspapers. The unsuspected powers of the great force of advertising asserted themselves. That story, however, has been told. The present narrative is of social effect, not of industrial progress.

Chiefly, the older generation lost its authority. It lost that because in these mad circumstances it could no longer command the respect of its children. What did Father and Mother know about automobiles or electric lights or telephones? Willie and Jimmie and Susie and Katie were glib in their explanations, and Father and Mother could only shake their heads and wonder. No longer could they advise. Nobody could advise. Nobody knew. These wonders of the century, still in experimental stages, had yet to prove what they might do. It remained to be determined whether they were blessings or instruments of the devil.

Father and Mother, with human suspicion of fearsome things that are new, generally concluded for the devil, while intrepid youth, finding them adventurous and

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exciting, became confirmed in their guesses that parents were really only bluffing in their allegedly superior knowledge; and if there were any vestiges of respect remaining then, they were shattered forthwith.

So it was that in the years preceding the First World War youth took possession of the country. The parents not only lost respect of their children, but they sank so low in popular estimation that for a man over forty to be thrown out of work apparently meant that he never could get in again. Such old merits as years of discretion and a green old age were unthinkable. Hair dyes, toupees and eyebrow pencils became commonplaces. All America, it seemed, was run for youth.

A Bewildered Nation

HISTORY has known of other violent breaks with the past; and the broad immediate result is always the same. It was the same here. The vigorous young generation taking command had instinct and emotion but necessarily no experience. Social standards therefore fell to elementary forms; even useful conventions were destroyed. Human relationships, outwardly conforming with civilized demands of the machine age, were often literally in a state of barbarism.

New opportunities for pleasure and lifted restraints led to extraordinary self-indulgences. Drunkenness, pornographic literature, companionate marriages, sexual perversions and "thrill" crimes rose in the records. Accompanying music became delirious with the times and degenerated to savage rhythms, a result so striking that it branded the period as the "Jazz Age."

Literature reflected the life in its very technique. Fine descriptions were cut; introspections were omitted; dialogue became pungent and everything was stripped to exciting sequences of surface facts usually presenting tales of consuming passion. On the stage whole plays were built around cursing blasphemies or previously unmentionable epithets solely for the sake of making the spectator's blood run a little faster. There was the extraordinary succession of foul dramas including *"The Lure," "The Cadet"* and *"The House of Bondage,"* all presented under the mocking guise of morality.

There was the development starting with the sheath gown, the slit skirt and the skirt above the knee; the daring innovation of the one-piece bathing suit.

Then began the War. In the first couple of years it brought America a great prosperity. Money flowed and the Jazz Age waxed to its height. In 1916 America entered the conflict, and the feverish energy of our youth found its first direction in patriotic service. Here also it encountered its first serious check, for, contrary to the expectation of youth, Germany was not annihilated as soon as the first American detachment reached the front.

When the Armistice came and the survivors returned past the Statue of Liberty, years had elapsed. In that interval the irrepressible boys and girls of the early nineteen hundreds had been piling up experience. Although they had plenty of spirit remaining, plus a stubborn determination to have a high old time to make up for those years of fighting for democracy, they had reservations in their hearts.

The hope for America lay in the simple passage of time. Those once youthful insurrectionists were growing older. They had traveled; they had performed; they had suffered; they had attained inklings of wisdom. In parallel time those untried, revolutionary inventions of the start of the century had graually revealed their potentialities. Close observers had begun to learn what the automobile might do to an organized society; there had accumulated useful statistics by which to measure the telephone and electric light, heat and power. For the first time now the grownup generation could advise about them.

Here, then, was proved another great result. The youngsters who had overthrown the iron deer, were now adults in their turn, and were marrying and rearing children of their own. But this new crop of youngsters was not encountering a world as radically changed as it had been in pre-War years. *Their* parents, experienced in 20th century living, knew the answers before these children learned to lisp their questions. Parental respect was thus restored, and the groundwork laid for a set of fresh conventions.

In time there will be challenges to those already hardening conventions, and all the arts of living will crash again to their primitive forms. Another youth will triumph; another age will be discredited. Whatever the ultimate underlying reason, civilization moves on like that—first the right foot, then the left. The left is proper to assign to youth, for youth in times like these especially, is radical.

The Wooden Indian, Too

FOR THE present youth is being put once more into its place at the feet of age. Men and women of mature years, now in command of the country, weary of the long hard tussle, long for the time when they were carefree and the world that mattered could be embraced in a single view. The iron deer is one item that brings the vision a little closer. Another is the wooden Indian. A third is the oil lamp (with the electric light worked into it for convenience). Four, five and six and so on up to a thousand other symbols are for anyone to find without trouble.

But should anyone suppose that Nature is thwarted in these social catyclysms, he must be corrected. The arts of living, by being cut to their fundamentals, are cleared of their deadwood and revivified. They are like that giant in Greek mythology, the Libyan Antaeus, son of Poseidon and Mother Earth, who regained his strength each time he touched the ground, and could be destroyed by Hercules only by being held completely and over long in the air. Let these liberal arts touch the ground now and then, and they become refreshed and better.

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Take the single matter of painting. In the first decade of this present century the art world was being stirred by impressionistic wielders of the brush who outraged the tories with what puzzled everyday folk could only regard as daubs. But now that those extremists have had their fling at sensation and the world, seeing that they have nothing more to offer, has dropped them from attention, their useful impress remains; and the admired subjects in the galleries today are painted not with pigments but with light. Instead of shadows being done in soggy browns and blacks as in the mid-Victorian years, they are now painted in colors complementary to the prevailing illumination of the subject and are thus infinitely truer to nature as they are more satisfying to the contemplative soul.

America is Settling Down

THE SO-CALLED Cubists, who reached their apogee with a strange abstraction called *"Nude Descending a Staircase,"* ended their day in the limelight but left behind them a healthy dissatisfaction with fussy detail in drawing and, strangely enough, a clearer sense of design. Indeed, graphic art as a whole developed in this transitional period an ability to produce not just pretty pictures—yards of kittens, pansies and babies—but a conscious power to recreate and transmit ideas, a far higher function.

That the country is settling down is shown again in the return of melody to music. Even on the radio, which caters to the mass of the population and so strikes a lower common denominator of taste than the music loving community group, the once popular jazz bands are being replaced with orchestras. Brasses and percussion instruments are yielding dominance once more to strings and woodwinds. The immense current popularity of the sweet strains of Victor Herbert has not been just an outburst of sentiment because the gifted grandson of Samuel Lover has recently died; it has been because the public state of mind has again become attuned to better music.

In the stage and screen departments of this magazine in the past few months, attention has been called to the backward turn of subject matter in those art forms. The stage has been going in for revivals, first in craftsmanship and then in story. The motion picture producers similarly have found the older plays, lately ridiculed as ancient and creaking, astonishingly intelligent and pleasing.

One of the most interesting reversions to the old way is observable in the return of the family physician. The earlier troubled years were times of an excess of specialists, of impersonal and expensive visits to experts on small departments in the line whose interest in one's case was coldly professional —one might almost say indifferent. But as humanitarian feeling grew in place of the previously popular machine conception of a well-ordered life, it was realized that a disordered liver is not sufficent unto itself, that there are contributory factors to discomfort, and that the *balance* of the body is more important than the complete efficiency of any single part. Consequently the family physician has come back and thousands of specialists on the outer fringe of medicine have moved out.

For with the state of mind most favorable to acceptance of the iron deer, there is a longing for human understanding. The machine is all very wonderful for service and we would not want to be without it; but it lacks the living response. We know now what the city-dweller meant when he complained of loneliness in the midst of metropolitan excitements and wonders. We all are lonely. In the desperate effort to escape ourselves we rush vainly from one diversion to another. Then, off there through the trees, we see the iron deer. An association of long-forgotten ideas springs up about it, and a friendlier world is recreated.

The marvel called the automobile responds magically to a touch, but in terms of companionship it has no volition. The talking picture seems to live and breathe, but it moves in a single channel that admits of no deviations. It calls forth your response, but you can evoke no response in it. The radio has variety in the dial, but its performers are deaf to you.

When the telephone first began to prove its ability to mold national life, students noticed as a curious fact of no especial importance then, that its daily use was breaking down the old friendly relationships. The housewife did not call at the grocery and exchange a civil time of day with the man behind the counter; she called him up instead, and perhaps they never saw each other. Business deals of magnitude were consummated by utter strangers on the same impersonal basis.

The bad feature of all this is that when face-to-face relationships are ended, human selfishness creeps in, and permitted to develop, brings more sinister blights of character in its train. The telephone company itself realized that when it instituted its campaign for courtesy on the line.

The Good Neighbor Movement

FOR THESE threats to human happiness nature has its compensations. Consequently there is now under way a great positive movement to develop community interests. It was started artificially long ago; but it never previously has attained its present momentum. The real impulse appears broadly in the new volunteer singing societies, the amateur productions of *"Pinafore,"* the eagerness to attend lectures and recitals. It appears sporadically but no less strikingly, in the increasing tendency of men and women to study violin and piano and painting in water-colors, not professionally (scratch the word!), but sheerly for their own expansion of soul.

Hiking is back in fashion; and if the observer is correct in his readings, there will soon be an increase in laying paths along the road. Along with the hikers the replaced iron deer may see also the saddle horse. For another note, they're kissing the baby again, which means that that once fashionable notion about all germs being deadly has been

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modified to reasonableness. There are old-fashioned games like bridge and backgammon—yes, and even that folly of the Gibson girl, ping-pong. Dances of the Gay Nineties, too. And somebody reports the polka.

Travel is more leisurely. The wizards of Detroit have built increased power into their cars, but there is less disposition to use it on the mere pleasure jaunts. It is significant that at the scenic points along the new parkway systems the landscape engineers are providing parking spaces and picknicking grounds.

More pipe tobacco is being sold. More city folk are moving to the country. Many women who went into business in the first flush of their emancipation, are returning to their homes, convinced that there is more in life than money. There is, despite the evidence of policy rings, bagatelle emporiums and sweepstakes, greater realization that one must work for a living instead of hoping to find it in speculation.

A Myriad Signs

SURELY THERE are signs of the times when women start once more in peacetime to knit. They even embroider, as they did when Dewey came home from Manila. There is a symptom in the reappearance of the dachshund and the English bull, and in fanciers' talk about a recurrence of the pug and the black and tan. Allen's *"Anthony Adverse"* and Wolfe's *"Time and the River"* are signs of the times. Without a doubt it means a renewed steadiness even when advertisements in newspapers and magazines abandon grotesque lettering and go in for ultra-conservative faces of type. In short, the trend to the character standards of the iron deer are everywhere about us and for any eyes that care to see—for all those who wish for their own conviction to multiply the instances. It is evident in bicycles, and wallpaper, canary birds and carpets, old-fashioned flowers, long hair for women, the rebirth of general stores, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Taking all these things together and asking himself, "So what?" the observer may shrug his shoulders and decide—well, that it's just a curious trend to notice, and nothing more. But if he has been sufficiently philosophical to form the original hypothesis for which these paragraphs are confirmation, he will scarcely stop at that and leave a greater speculation incomplete.

With a nation settling down in this fashion to a new acceptance of the ancient virtues, what will be the future when the precipitation has been fully accomplished?

One may only guess, of course. But it would seem that when national thought has crystallized in lines that the grownups of the Nineties would have considered common sense, there will be a sharp throwing off of visionary and experimental controls. The Administration at Washington, for instance, with its three thousand branch offices for emergency relief, will, in the nature of things, either make a complete reversal of policy or meet with defeat in its hope of reelection.

On the subject of dangerous radicalism, the signs point to an eradication of that within the body of the people without particular force exerted by officers of the law under existing statutes or by action under new legislation designed to suppress it.

For crime, the prospect is a diminishing roll. When the citizen himself joins in apprehension and punishment of offenders there necessarily will be fewer criminals at large. There will be fewer suspended sentences. The number of transgressors will be less in any case simply because the opportunities for crime, now that the potentialities of the machine age are understood, will be more limited.

End of a Violent Change

WHEN THE population is restless and roving there always is a multiplication of acts of violence; but when it fixes its institutions the normal balance is restored. When the early population of the United States began its second westward trek in the thirties and forties of the past century, wholesale murder and attendant outrages made witnesses conclude that the nation was doomed. Desperadoes waylaid the wagon trains and robbed the camps; the steamers on the Mississippi frequently were floating hells. Nevertheless, when that migration came to an end in new communities, the people themselves, through organization of vigilante bands, quickly restored law and order.

The present trend is surely welcome, and its consummation is eagerly awaited. There is only one serious fear. That is that in the effort to bring the precious result about too soon, those to whom the people have delivered the reins of Government will block the way.

With full realization of the dangers confronting any man who makes technological prophecies, it is gravely to be doubted that in the next fifty years America will have to adjust itself to any new machine as radical and far-reaching in its effects as have been the automobile and the telephone. The airplane is only beginning to show its impress on life, and the same is true of the radio; but their accomplishments are quite certain to be peaceful modifications of life and not complete revolutions as these others have been.

Transportation and communication serve fundamental human needs in the same sense that food, clothing and shelter serve them. At the close of the 19th century a large part of the nation was virtually without either. To all intents and purposes the rural areas, and even frequently the very suburbs of cities, were shut off. They had railroads and they had recently acquired the telegraph; but the average man then used the first only occasionally and rather shunned the second because he thought of it as mainly a bringer of bad news. He never had the telegraph in his home and he certainly never kept a locomotive under his sun porch. By and large his needs for transportation and communication were met by means almost as primitive as those which stood at the disposal of man in the Year One.

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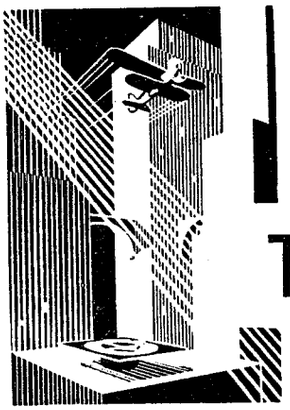

Talk of the Nation

Progress Reports

ON JUBILEE: Those ungenerous persons who wonder what useful purpose is served by the pomp and circumstance of the 25th anniversary of royal accession, are referred to the fact that a primitive tribe in India, notorious throughout the Punjab for its cattle rustling, has pledged itself to the British Commissioner not to steal any more cattle during Jubilee year.

•

ON SOLSTICE: On authority no less respectable than that of the U. S. Senate, the longest day in 1935 will not be June 21, all astronomers to the contrary notwithstanding. Also, the month of April this year was only one-half its customary length, and from the 15th of April to the 1st of May was only fifteen minutes. The explanation is that the Senate's legislative day, starting April 15, was not adjourned until May Day and then only for a quarter hour.

•

ON TECHNOLOGY: A stop-press news flash from Berlin states that there have just been placed in that city at various central points, a number of slot machines from which "the hygienic holiday-maker" (we presume that our correspondent means the *hygienischerfeiertagsmacher*) now may obtain clean collars. In our experience the most pressing needs of this sort have always been not collars but collar-buttons.

•

ON ROBIN HOOD'S BARN: When Walter M. Gifford, president of the A. T. & T. held a round-the-world telephone conversation the other day with one of his associates seated about fifty feet away, he let the Bell System in for some good-natured chaffing in press and radio, but the fact remains that the demonstration gave startling emphasis to the world's new relationship of time and space. It proved that "going around Robin Hood's barn" may sometimes be the shortest way. The discredit of that old saying may be added to another recent discovery that, after all, the race usually *does* go to the swift.

•

ON FAMOUS FIRSTS: Another interesting proof that time moves more rapidly is in the announcement that the Royal Dutch Airlines is planning an air service to Iceland. The system of the international telephone, by which the resident of Santa Fé may receive first hand information as to whether or not it is raining in London, and which has expanded so rapidly in the past quarter century that it links most of the habitable world with its network, does not yet include Iceland.

•

Government Advice

IN A United States Government bulletin just issued, the following advice is given to the flying personnel of the regular Army Reserve Corps, National Guard and others connected with aviation:

> SOME USEFUL "DOPE" FOR THOSE GOING TO HAWAII
>
> The Wheeler Field Correspondent submitted some interesting information regarding conditions in the Hawaiian Islands which should prove very useful to officers now under orders and those who expect orders for duty in the Hawaiian Department. He states:
>
> A. Do not buy any white or khaki uniforms prior to your arrival. A reasonable time is allowed for the procurement of the above and Japanese regimental tailors can outfit you completely in made-to-order style at a much more reasonable price than mainland tailors.

The New Dealers probably are not satisfied with the ruin of our trans-Atlantic markets.

Cold Deceit

A MR. X of Philadelphia, owner of a pants pressing and tailoring emporium, found a new way to meet his bills—and one that worked beautifully until Mr. X became timid and revealed his method. The method concerned his gas bill.

As part of his equipment, Mr. X had a pressing machine run by gas. In his district gas is paid for on the quarter-in-the-slot system—you put your two bits in the meter and so much gas comes out. The curious thing about Mr. X's meter was that no quarters ever came out of it, though plenty of gas came through. The company, coming regularly to collect its lawful harvest of quarters, was puzzled, then annoyed. Inspectors were sent, and they checked every part of the meter. Nothing wrong. They looked for leaks in the pressing machine and couldn't find any.

Finally they went to Mr. X and put the case straight up to him. It was plain, they said, that he was chiselling gas. They didn't know how he did it yet, but they would spend thousands of dollars to find out and when they did, send him to prison for life. To save himself and them all that trouble, they had an offer. If he would tell them how he did it, they would drop the pursuit, guarantee immunity, and let bygones be bygones.

Mr. X was weak. He broke down and confessed. Back of the shop where he lived he had a mechanical icebox. Hidden under it was a mold, cunningly designed to imitate quarters. Needing one for the meter, Mr. X would fill the mold with water, put it in the refrigerator, and cast himself a twenty-five cent piece of ice. The meter slot was a simple device that tripped a lever on admitting a coin. Once inside, Mr. X's coin would melt, leaving no incriminating slug or other counterfeit behind. In a day or less the water dried up.

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The confession over, Mr. X breathed a sigh of relief. He had been worried, he said, because he knew it was wrong to imitate the federal coinage.

•

Lost

NO FLY IN THE OINTMENT has been quite as upsetting as the failure of the great news systems of the world to report the words of a recent speech that may have been historic. It was uttered by Her Majesty, Mary, Queen of England, from a front balcony of Buckingham Palace, Tuesday evening, May 6, 1935, that being the time of the Jubilee.

Those unable to be present avidly drank in the press and radio descriptions of how the proud police captured a wayward little dog, how a frightened team ran off with a polished carriage, and literally thousands of other engrossing details of the pomp, ceremony and holy joy of this truly inspiring anniversary. Concerning the hour in question, the outside world was told how the King and Queen emerged from the palace into the glare of floodlights playing from the courtyard, how the assembled crowd cheered itself hoarse at each gracious wave of Her Majesty's hand—how all of this lasted several minutes. "Then," said the reporters, "the Queen turned to her husband and said *something.*"

•

Send-Something Racket

THE SPECULATIVE SCHEME known as the "Send-a-Dime" racket that has arisen in the West and that has altered its chief objective from dimes to dollars and to pints of whiskey aged in the wood, has reached its inevitable conclusion in Springfield, Missouri, and some other cities in which special enthusiasms have speeded up the velocity of the movement, leaving whole communities filled with sellers of the chain letters and no buyers.

In any ordinary get-rich-quick scheme the situation would end there; but not so in this instance. The recipients who were late in being caught up by the chain, and possibly stirred to panic by the usual adjurations to "pass this letter on or something dire will happen to your family," have remembered that there are persons living elsewhere in the United States, who, while not intimate acquaintances, have known addresses.

Consequently, the President of the United States has received several hundred send-a-dime letters with supplications not to break the chains. So have movie stars. So have authors and editors. Before us as we write is one from a strange gentleman in Denver who says: "Pardon my nerve for sending along two chain letter. You may be to busy to use them and I would be much oliged if you could give them to some one who would be interested to carry them on." And he adds, "Denver's first class mail is three fold now comparing it with three weeks ago when this fad started."

Thanks, Friend. We are sending one to the scamp on whose behalf we charged off some bad debts in last year's income tax, and the other goes herewith to the printer.

•

Dance of Death

PAINTING, music and literature all are rich in treatments of the *danse macabre,* that morbid expression of human misery that reached its peak in the Middle Ages. Strings of cavorting skeletons representing the grisly succession of mortalities from childhood to old age all dancing to music played by the grinning master fiddler, Death, appear in cathedral friezes and profane chapbooks.

To the curious treasury of these things may now be added the will of William Harold Taylor, late headmaster of the Belmont School in Baltimore, written in 29 words on the back of an engraved invitation to a dance. It has been filed for probate at the surrogate's office in Cambridge, Mass., and concerns an estate estimated at $8,000.

•

Game

ANOTHER VAGARY of the Post Office Department that will supplement Carroll Tillman's study printed elsewhere in this issue, is revealed in the experience of the dental surgeon who keeps our molars in trim for the proper editorial bite.

A company manufacturing toothpaste recently sent him a package of samples containing one of those striped cards to be mailed in acknowledgment, the postage to be paid by the recipient. That the doctor might have as little nuisance as possible, the company had already typed his name on the reverse side. All that the doctor had to do, supposedly, was to deposit the card in the mail chute. This he did—only to have the postman bring it back to his desk the next morning.

Allowing for human fallibility, he returned it to the mail chute. But lo, in about twenty-four hours it rested once more at the side of his appointment book. Mystified, but determined not to give in, he entrusted it to our Uncle a third time.

So far it hasn't come back. The doctor has it figured out that Mr. Farley, discouraged in his plan to gain revenue at the sending end, is probably now writing letters to the proper addressee, notifying the company that an important piece of mail is being held somewhere along the route for insufficient postage.

•

Playground

PUBLIC GOLF LINKS and tennis courts have been common these many years, but there is something arresting when one of them is referred to as a "playground for grownups." For the moment it sounds like a new invention, which of course, it isn't. It is the name that has been bestowed by a reporter with a nose for advertising, on an area just reserved for adult recreation on New York's lower East Side.

The need of a playground in a congested urban district has always been conjured along with visions of little children of the poor unable to vent their infant spirits in wholesome exercise; but there is a call almost as urgent for the tired, disillusioned, burdened souls of mature years who have no cars to bear them off to county park systems, to escape from the disheartening daily grind.

The obstacle, it now appears, has been just that "the playground for grownups" needed a proper title.

•

One Day Roadhouse

A FINE HOTEL, in prosperous existence for a full decade, every room reserved by a person of importance, beautifully appointed, with excellent *cuisine* and with each worker scrupulously attentive to duty, ought to feel sufficiently encouraged to continue in business for at least a couple of weeks. Yet the Hotel Ezra Cornell, at Ithaca, N. Y., with all of these advantages literally true, closed May 3.

The explanation is simple. This hostelry is operated by the students of the Cornell University courses in hotel administration, who, for one day prior to the commencement day exercises each year, prove to visiting hotel executives what they have learned. They organize their own stock company to conduct the establishment, build their own clientele by active solicitation over several States, cook the food, serve it, hop to bells and otherwise carry on as perfect modern hosts should.

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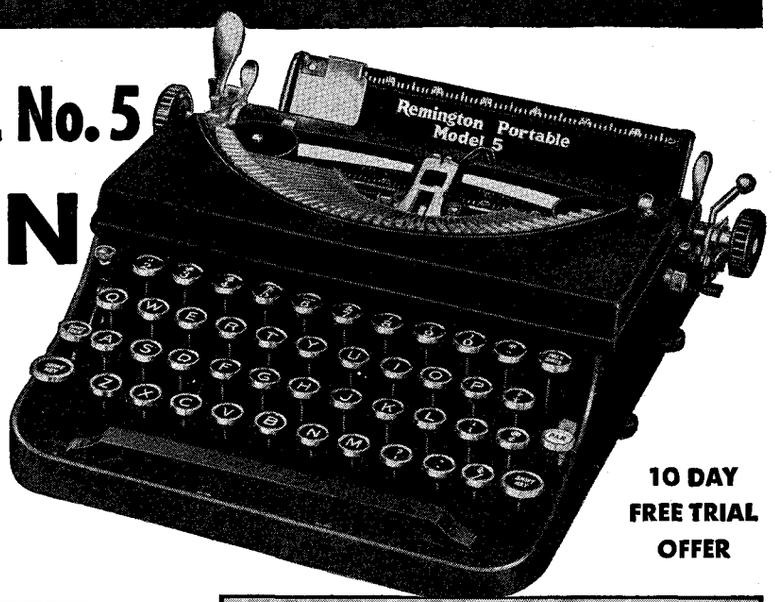
ANNOUNCING AMAZING
TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

BRAND NEW MODEL No. 5
REMINGTON PORTABLE
10¢ A DAY

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

FREE EASY HOME TYPING COURSE

● Positively the greatest portable typewriter bargain ever offered! Now for the first time Remington, world-famous manufacturer, offers a NEW purchase plan... only 10¢ a day buys this latest model machine! Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A beautiful brand *new* regulation Remington Portable. Standard 4-row keyboard; Standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back spacer; automatic ribbon reverse; *every essential feature found in standard typewriters!*

Money making opportunities always open

Hundreds of jobs are waiting for people who can type. A typewriter helps put your ideas on paper in logical, impressive form..helps you write clear, understandable sales reports, letters, articles, or stories. A Remington Portable has started many a young man and woman on the road to success.

A Gift for Every Member of the Family

If you want a gift for birthday, Christmas, or graduation . . . one that Father, Mother, Sister or Brother will use and appreciate for years to come . . . give a Remington Portable. It's the one gift that can be used with both pleasure and profit by every member of the family.

ACT...WHILE LOW PRICE HOLDS GOOD!

New wage scales in our own factories, and in the factories of the companies which make our materials, point definitely to higher prices. Stocks of machines on hand make possible the present unbelievably low cash price on this machine. Everything points to higher prices. We cannot possibly guarantee this low price in the face of constantly rising costs in every one of our departments. So we say . . . "Act fast!"

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

You can try this machine for 10 days without risking one penny of your money. *Not even shipping charges.* Send for complete details on this most liberal offer. Get attractive new catalogue illustrating and describing the many Remington models available on unusually low terms. Clip coupon today!

EVERY ESSENTIAL FEATURE found in Standard Machines

Buying a typewriter isn't like buying a suit of clothes. Many Remington portables, seeing 10 years of hard service are still in active use. When you buy...buy a machine with every *standard* feature. The Remington No. 5 is the most compact and durable portable ever built...includes all essential standard typewriter features. This beautiful machine represents the height of economy . . . unequalled economy in first cost . . . unequalled economy in service.

It is today the best value ever offered in typewriter history... and that statement comes from the company that has constantly *made* typewriter history. Buy now. It is a real bargain offer.

Specifications...

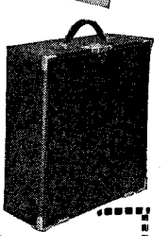
The Model 5 includes every essential feature found in standard typewriters. It has standard 4-row keyboard, Complete visibility. Standard width carriage for long envelopes. Carriage return lever of exceptional design for easy and rapid operation. Margin release on the keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Back spacer. Two color ribbon shift. Variable line spacer. Adjustable margin stops. Auto set Paragraph Key (one of the most useful features found on any typewriter). Weight 11 lbs. 13 oz. Furnished with Pica or Elite type.

TYPING COURSE FREE

When you get your new Remington No. 5, you will get with it ... ABSOLUTELY FREE ... a 19-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, speeds up work. It is simply written and well illustrated. Instructions are easy as A.B.C. Even a child can understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or grown-up, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER that we give you on your typewriter. At the end of that time, you should be able to dash off letters faster than with pen and ink.

CARRYING CASE FREE

With every Remington No. 5, a FREE carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. Covered with heavy DuPont fabric. Top is removed in one motion, leaving machine firmly attached to base. Can be used anywhere... on knees, in chairs, on trains.



CLIP COUPON NOW

REMINGTON RAND INC., DEPT. 263-5, 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. C.

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 263-5, 205 E. 42 St., N.Y.C.

Please tell me how I can buy a new Remington Portable typewriter for only 10¢ a day. Also enclose your new catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

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SANITY

By Glenn Frank

(*Continued from page* 9)

That some measure of social control of private enterprise is essential no truly intelligent conservative will dispute. We have reached a point in our economic evolution at which some force above the battle of incoordinated private interests, whether it be the force of organized enterprise itself or the power of the state, must bring about the general adoption of policies respecting wages, hours, prices, and profits that will bring our capacity to purchase into such relation to our capacity to produce as will keep our industrial and agricultural systems going concerns ministering effectively to the needs of the millions.

The nature of such control is debatable, highly debatable. Its necessity, in my judgment, is not. But it is in determining the nature of this social control that we shall make or break the national future.

Of one thing I am certain. Whatever decision we make regarding the role of the state in the national future, it should be a clean-cut decision one way or the other. We should not pat private enterprise on the back with one hand and stab it in the back with the other.

And we should not permit the decision to be made for us under the guise of emergency measures. It is no light matter to change the role of the state in the life of a people. Let an issue so profoundly affecting the destiny of a people be submitted frankly to the millions for their verdict!

BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 10)

The unexpectedness of the award was not merely that Miss Johnson is a young, unknown, Middle Western writer, or that *"Now in November"* is a first novel. The selection of Caroline Miller's *"Lamb in His Bosom"* had already proved that the committee could recognize first novels and little known writers. The real news of the award was that the committee passed over two novels of the type it had most frequently chosen in the past: Stark Young's *"So Red the Rose"* and Ruth Suckow's *"The Folks,"* both excellent specimens of their kind, both widely popular, both by well-known writers, both fulfilling the vague but nevertheless apparent requirements of the award.

In short, the committee has shattered its own tradition; it has proved that its choices will not necessarily be dictated by its record in the past. The change of policy was not so definitely suggested by the other selections—although the awarding of the poetry prize to Miss Audrey Wurdemann, rather than to Paul Engle, was also a surprise in view of the committee's record—but the broad outlines of the pattern have been broken; the great majority of writers can no longer sleep soundly with the knowledge that their works haven't a chance.

The announcement of the Guggenheim Foundation awards was also surprising in the inclusion, among the creative writers, of such sharply differentiated talents as those of Jack Conroy and Edmund Wilson, of Newton Arvin, Kenneth Burke and Alvah Bessie. Here again it had been generally believed that the Foundation encouraged a rather specialized kind of effort, and most commonly supported novelists, poets and critics whose work was of an academic character.

Jack Conroy is the author of two radical novels, *"The Disinherited,"* published a year ago, and *"A World to Win,"* published last month. Both books reveal an extremely sharp observation, a keen appreciation and understanding of working class life; both are weakened by unrealistic imaginative flights, by long romantic passages that seem to spring from sentimental fiction rather than from the environment Conroy knows so well. It has been said that his next book is to be one of direct observation, of first-person reporting on the changing moods and conditions of different groups throughout the country, and as such it should clarify and give direction to his strong but thus far ambiguous powers.

The award to Newton Arvin, for a projected biography of Walt Whitman, is one of the best bits of critical news American literature could receive; his occasional essays on Henry James, Emerson, Hawthorne and Whitman himself have been among the most important contributions to the current re-evaluation of American literature. Mr. Arvin began his critical career under the influence of Van Wyck Brooks; but he has added to Brook's sensitive insight into the creative dilemmas of American writers a shrewd understanding of the political and economic conditions under which the masters of American literature did their work.

Kenneth Burke's most recent volume, *"Permanence and Change,"* while it has been generally neglected by the reviewers, is a suggestive, provocative, work of speculation and analysis, in part an extremely subtle discourse on communication, but with its greatest value springing from its incidental comments on art, morality, politics and psychology. The critics who have assailed it for a lack of form or of continuity have entirely missed the point that it is a poet's work, lyric, intuitive, satiric—and, quite incidentally, often beautifully written.

The question of whether endowments and awards really justify their existence in terms of work accomplished bobs up each year when the gifts are announced. A kind of answer has been provided by William Henry Chamberlin's *"The Russian Revolution 1917-1921"* which was completed on such an award. In his introduction Mr. Chamberlin explains that his twelve years in Russia as a newspaper correspondent had enabled him to collect the material for his history, interview many of leading figures of the revolution and search for original sources, while the award made possible the actual writing of the book.

Few are likely to question the historic value of *"The Russian Revolution 1917-1921,"* since the tremendous accumulation of material within two volumes is in itself an important achievement, regardless of the point of view from which the material is judged. Mr. Chamberlin's primary desire has been to establish the facts of the revolution, and to keep personal interpretation to the barest minimum.

"The Russian Revolution 1917-1921" is a dense, heavy, piece of work; developments are traced almost from day to day during the more critical periods; but for a patient reader it clarifies Russian history, and with it recent European history, more than any other volume readily available. It should be read in connection with Trotsky's three volumes that cover the same ground, for while Mr. Chamberlin accepts much of Trotsky's analysis he adds a detailed factual background, a methodical accumulation of dates, names and places where Trotsky, engaging in polemics or sketching brilliant and bitter characterizations of his political opponents, takes for granted a great deal of information that few American readers possess.

If all prize-winners labored as intensively as Mr. Chamberlin obviously has, criticism of the usual awards would be less spirited, and the level of American political and cultural discussion might be a good deal higher.—Robert Cantwell.

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"How Can POSTAL LIFE Give So Much Insurance For Only $1.00 A Month!!"

Jane: "How can Postal Life give you so much insurance for only $1 a month? You are 28 years old, and you tell me that under their plan you can get $1,003 of old line, legal reserve life insurance at this low rate."

Jim: "That's easy to understand. Postal sells direct-by-mail and has no agents or branch office expenses to pay. These savings are passed on to me.

"Now take this Dollar Policy. It was especially designed by Postal to meet existing unsettled conditions. So many people feel they can't afford insurance, so Postal devised this policy that calls for payments of only $1 a month for the first five years. I don't have to pay the permanent rate of $2 a month until the beginning of the sixth year, when conditions should be much better and my earnings considerably improved."

Jane: "That sounds like a very sensible plan, but while you pay only one dollar a month do you get full coverage—does your policy protect me with the same amount of insurance that the $2 permanent rate buys?"

Jim: "Absolutely! That's the beauty of it. I get full coverage all the time except for the first six months when I receive half coverage."

Jane: "That's a lot of insurance to get for a dollar a month and we certainly can afford that—but is it difficult to take out a policy direct with Postal? What do you have to do?"

Jim: "The easiest thing in the world. I just fill in and clip the coupon from this Postal 'ad,' enclose a dollar to cover my first month's premium, and mail it to the Postal Life Insurance Company. And I get my money back if my application is not accepted.

"And another thing, if we can afford $2 a month we can buy twice as much insurance under this plan, or for $3 a month, three times as much. There's no limit to the amount we can take out."

What You Receive for a Monthly Premium of—

Present Age	$1 a mo. now, buys	$2 a mo. now, buys	Present Age	$1 a mo. now, buys	$2 a mo. now, buys
21	$1,194.	$2,388.	34	$840.	$1,680.
22	1,167.	2,334.	35	813.	1,626.
23	1,140.	2,280.	36	786.	1,572.
24	1,112.	2,224.	37	759.	1,518.
25	1,085.	2,170.	38	734.	1,468.
26	1,057.	2,114.	39	708.	1,416.
27	1,030.	2,060.	40	682.	1,364.
28	1,003.	2,006.	41	657.	1,314.
29	976.	1,952.	42	632.	1,264.
30	948.	1,896.	43	607.	1,214.
31	921.	1,842.	44	583.	1,166.
32	894.	1,788.	45	559.	1,118.
33	866.	1,732.			

If this policy does not fit your needs, Postal issues other standard forms, ages 10 to 60 inclusive.

Jane: "That's great. I always thought buying insurance was complicated. I see it's easy to save money the Postal way. Now tell me something about Postal."

Jim: "Postal Life is an Old Line company that has been providing legal reserve insurance direct-by-mail for thirty years to thousands of thrifty, sensible people in every State in the Union. Postal has paid out more than $42,000,000 to its policyholders and their families. It operates under the New York State insurance law, and, doing business by mail, is subject to U. S. postal regulations."

MAIL COUPON—POSTAL HAS NO AGENTS

The coupon below will give YOU, too, the insurance protection your family requires. Save money—get the most insurance for what you spend by buying the DIRECT way—without agents.

A dollar a month will buy $1194 of insurance at age 21, $813 at age 35, and so on. For the amount a dollar buys at your age, see table below. Enclose $1, $2 or $3 for the amount of insurance you want and mail with the coupon to the address below NOW. Don't wait—tomorrow is so uncertain.

TEAR OFF—MAIL TODAY

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., C. H. Jackson, Pres.
Dept. WWC33, 511 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I wish to apply for a life insurance policy in accordance with your offer.

My exact date and year of birth is.....

My occupation is.....

I wish to pay a premium of $..... per month. This entitles me to $..... worth of insurance. I enclose the first month's premium which will be returned to me if my application is not accepted.

Name .....

Street and Number.....

City..... State.....

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STAGE

(*Continued from page* 10)

"Sketch Book," brought to the rialto after eleven tryout days in Philadelphia. In this it is quite safe to anticipate a typical Carroll vaudeville, gaudier than the Ziegfeld tradition and slower-paced than a George White's *"Scandals,"* but studded with undraped scornful beauties in several complexions—and, from signs in other directions, probably a few ounces more voluptuousness than last year.

More in line with the silly season is the reopening of the good ship *Buccaneer,* a showboat that unlike the one in Booth Tarkington's *"Magnolia,"* does virtually all of its showing at anchor. It lies in the lower part of the Tappan Zee, within a small shout of Washington Irving's Sleepy Hollow; and the New York playgoers arrive and depart mostly aboard the Hudson River Day Line steamers that seem to find such service more profitable than the dwindling traffic for which they were built. The current attraction on the *Buccaneer* is Bobby Sanford's *"Showboat Revue."*

In Long Island Sound other showboats have appeared; but they manage to carry their offerings to the playgoers, cruising from summer colony to summer colony along those picturesque sandy shores, doing very well through patronage by residents who find an extra pleasure in the novelty of attending a floating theatre. One that has become a particular favorite here is the *Periwinkle,* which starts its cruise the middle of this month.

Novelty seekers in town have been attracted also by a negro stock company at the Lafayette Theatre in the Harlem Black Belt, at 131st Street and Lenox Avenue—a playhouse the early fortunes of which the late Bert Williams did much to promote. The resident company has revived recent Broadway successes there, such items as *"Sailor Beware"* and *"The Front Page,"* and even the newspaper critics—the notorious "death watch" of mid-season—now that their regular labors have lightened and they may attend such side performances, have been startled by the wholly different look of the plays in such circumstances.

The promises that no hot summer day is likely to dispel are that when the season of 1935-1936 begins with some timorous stage venture about the second or third week in August, some really new forces will be operative in the famous district. For instance, this season now ending has served to convince the lately contemptuous moguls in Hollywood that the stage is not a dying institution after all—but merely a form of art that is going through a certain economic transition.

The requirements of the talking pictures for technical mastery of dramatic art that the stage has known for some two thousand years, has had much to do with this honest respect. And next season Hollywood expects to join hands with several Broadway producers, including Brock Pemberton, Sam Harris and Max Gordon, bringing its ample funds with experienced managerial wit for mutual profit. Unions of this general sort have been consummated before, but none in the present spirit of regard.

A conspicuous difference in the coming autumn and winter season will be the fact of stage plays on Sundays. This undoubtedly will cut very strongly into the patronage now enjoyed on Sabbath afternoons and evenings by the neighborhood cinemas. Various interested theatrical men, led usually by William A. Brady, have for years protested the absurd discrimination that allowed acrobats, animal acts, and vaudeville sketches—not to forget the movies—to attract their paying audiences on the Seventh Day and forbade the performance of such reverent dramas as *"The Servant in the House"* or *"The Passing of the Third Floor Back."* And now, all at once, the situation is changed.

April 23 Governor Lehman of New York State signed the bills that make it a matter of local option whether or not to permit Sunday performances of stage plays. The Producing Managers' Association was strongly for the move and the Actors' Equity Association officials were against it. New York City's Board of Aldermen decided to defer its necessary next succeeding action until the actors had held a referendum. The referendum was held at Equity's annual meeting on May 27.

On the whole the ayes had it. So they're holding another by mail.

SCREEN

(*Continued from page* 10)

beginning to recall with some misgivings how condescendingly they have referred these many years to everything north, west and south of the Hudson as the "sticks," the "hick towns" and, a little more graciously, the "hinterland." For now the situation of the American theatre is being reversed and Broadway —the Broadway of Booth, Forrest, Jefferson, Mansfield, Augustin Daly and David Belasco—may some day soon itself merit those dubious labels.

The situation arises out of the business structure of the motion picture industry and the theatrical requirements of large centers of population. New York having in its own combined boroughs some six million inhabitants, the new films must be filtered down gradually so that all grades of theatres in the exhibitors' hierarchy may be served successively. That is why it is that when the traveling salesman comes home and his family suggests going to see Clark Gable, Charles Laughton and Robert Montgomery in *"Mutiny on the Bounty,"* he retorts: "Heck, I saw that three weeks ago in Wichita!"

To one who observes the trends in the theatre, nothing is more absurd than the smug claim of those who initiated and conducted the recent attack on the alleged bad influences of Hollywood pictures, that their action was responsible for the screen's return to what they term "respectability." One of the "Nice Nellies" even prided himself in print the other day on having shown the scenario departments the way to good clean drama in the world's classics, making it unnecessary to think up nasty plots.

In reality, the real scenario chiefs of Hollywood could, almost to a man, give stimulating courses in literary appreciation worthy of any college in the land, with backgrounds of knowledge years in the making. For one of these uninformed, arrogant meddlers — the loudest, but thank heaven, not truly representative of their group membership—to take credit for what in reality is the great tide of a sweeping social readjustment in America, has an effrontery that one might find if that lazy savage who waited for his breakfast to drop out of a tree, took credit for the law of gravitation when it fell.

It was in these columns in recent months—as long ago as the February issue—that attention was called to the swing of both stage and screen to stories of an older day; and anyone who watches the current output and who merely glances at the advance schedules of the studios or who even riffles through a good "fan" magazine, will see that the trend continues without any forcing process.

After that remark it seems contradictory to say that through the latter part of May and the first half of

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June the only discernible "old" story is a saccharine and rather boresome version of Gene Stratton-Porter's quondam best-seller *"Laddie,"* screened under the same title. However, that this is only a lull in the general movement is apparent when one knows simply that in the offing is an *"In Old Kentucky"* with Will Rogers, a *"Don Quixote"* with Chaliapin, a *"Camille"* with Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay—the same Fresnay who performed so delightfully in the little stage play *"Noah";* a *"Virginian,"* a *"Last Days of Pompeii,"* a *"Dante's Inferno"* and a *"Crusades."*

This trend to older ideas and standards is healthful and hopeful in the broad national panorama; but from the standpoint of art much more significant are the occasional, multiplying instances in which screen dramatists are deriving their inspiration from the life actually about them. What Paul Muni was able to do with that lately released, powerful character study, *"Black Fury"*—what the scenarists, the directors, the cameramen and all the others concerned were able to do with it—grew out of a rich, vital strain in the existing American nation. What James Cagney and his surrounding technicians have done with *"G Men"* is equally due to direct inspiration of this sort. The same is true of the smiting screen play wrought from Liam O'Flaherty's novel of the Black-and-Tan troubles in Ireland, and now presented under the same name, *"The Informer,"* with that capital actor, Victor McLaglen, in the name part.

—A.E.K.

RADIO

(*Continued from page* 10)

the Columbia Chain entitled, *"A Statement of Policy to Advertisers, Advertising Agenies and the Public."*

Let us look at the new things our children may expect from their loudspeakers first. Radio feels a deep responsibility for their welfare. In its own words it has spent "great effort and much money" for programs "that merit the approval both of child and parent." But this is not enough. While some of the programs are good, others have shown "poor judgment and careless execution." And it is this that radio is out to scotch.

The creed drawn up for this process is contained in eight articles. No more gangsters are to be allowed. Dishonesty, cruelty, greed and selfishness are out. Recklessness must no longer be confused with a "healthy spirit of adventure." A social note is introduced in the article, "Unfair exploitation of others for personal gain must not be made praiseworthy." Finally, disrespect for "parental or other proper authority must not be encouraged or glorified."

On the face of it this looks like an admirable program. Who can object to the ban on cruelty, greed, dishonesty and such like vices? If our children must be brought up at the loudspeaker, let them at least drink in the manly virtues with the rest of the program. But a few questions intrude themselves. How does a radio chain tell the difference between recklessness and "a healthy spirit of adventure?" Was Robin Hood simply a reckless fool or a healthy adventurer—after all he spent his life dodging the gallows and was finally killed through sheer stupidity. Are the heroes of innumerable fairy stories healthy adventurers? As we recall them, they were constantly getting themselves into desperate and wholly unnecessary scrapes. And precisely what is "unfair exploitation?"

It seems to us that a whole philosophy of social and economic life opens up here, with room for endless argument and no decision. Do low wages and long hours make exploitation? If they do, think of how hard (and for what small reward) most of the world's heroes have worked—exploited mercilessly for the personal gain of others. And finally, just what do the great broadcasters mean by "proper authority?" In the old-fashioned American morality, you were expected to obey God and your conscience; today the radio *entrepreneur* will tell you just where your allegiance lies.

The remainder of radio's newest moral crusade is concerned with the delicate subject of laxatives. Here it seems that the taste of our nation has been offended for years by the mention (let us be as dainty as radio itself) of certain medicines with certain properties. The shameful thing must stop—and from now on, "broadcasting which, by its nature, presents questions of good taste" is off the air. Without desiring to labor a point, this seems a remarkably silly thing to do.

Radio listeners are not exempt from the common lot of mankind. They are not like the queen of Spain who could not accept silk stockings since the gift implied that the royal lady possessed legs. They are simply folks, like the rest of us. Are they to be denied, then, that most absorbing of all native customs, the care and thought for their internal welfare?

Every magazine, newspaper and billboard that one reads has some message of hope and cheer for the constipated. Life would be insupportable without them—yet radio would deny us all solace. Somehow it doesn't seem to fit with radio's continuous talk about service, about its dedication to the public welfare.

And another thing that the radio minds of our country might remember—the new crusade may make for daintiness, but it won't make for art. Somehow daintiness never does.

—C. F.

PRESS

(*Continued from page* 10)

Almost any modern American morning paper has the following general look as it spreads to its folio size at the breakfast table: Apart from the feature story of a bank holdup and a couple of minor murders, there are a smuggled report of some Nazi Jew-baiting, reported movements of Italian troops in Ethiopa, English opinions on gold devaluation, story of a French cabinet overthrown, a plea for world peace from the Vatican, account of the cross-breeding of a cow and a rabbit by a Russian scientist and bulletins of a good-will flight from the Argentine.

On the whole an encouraging sign. America, widening its horizon, is growing up. No longer is the infant republic in its knee-pants period of growth, ready to be overwhelmed by a condescending pat on the head by a foreign power; it now may speak of world affairs with certain knowledge and right to opinion.

But now the factors of time and distance are greatly modified by speedy communication and transportation. The world as a whole has grown smaller. To the American citizen has been given a new perspective, and the newspaper, reporting what he sees, naturally brings the wider field into closer view.

In that sense the daily with the foreign news so delectably spread across its cover, is in reality a new undertaking, as different from the old blanket sheets of the closing years of the 19th century as the present small town weekly is from it. The world has never previously beheld anything quite comparable.

The present vast network of news gathering and dissemination would have been impossible twenty years ago.

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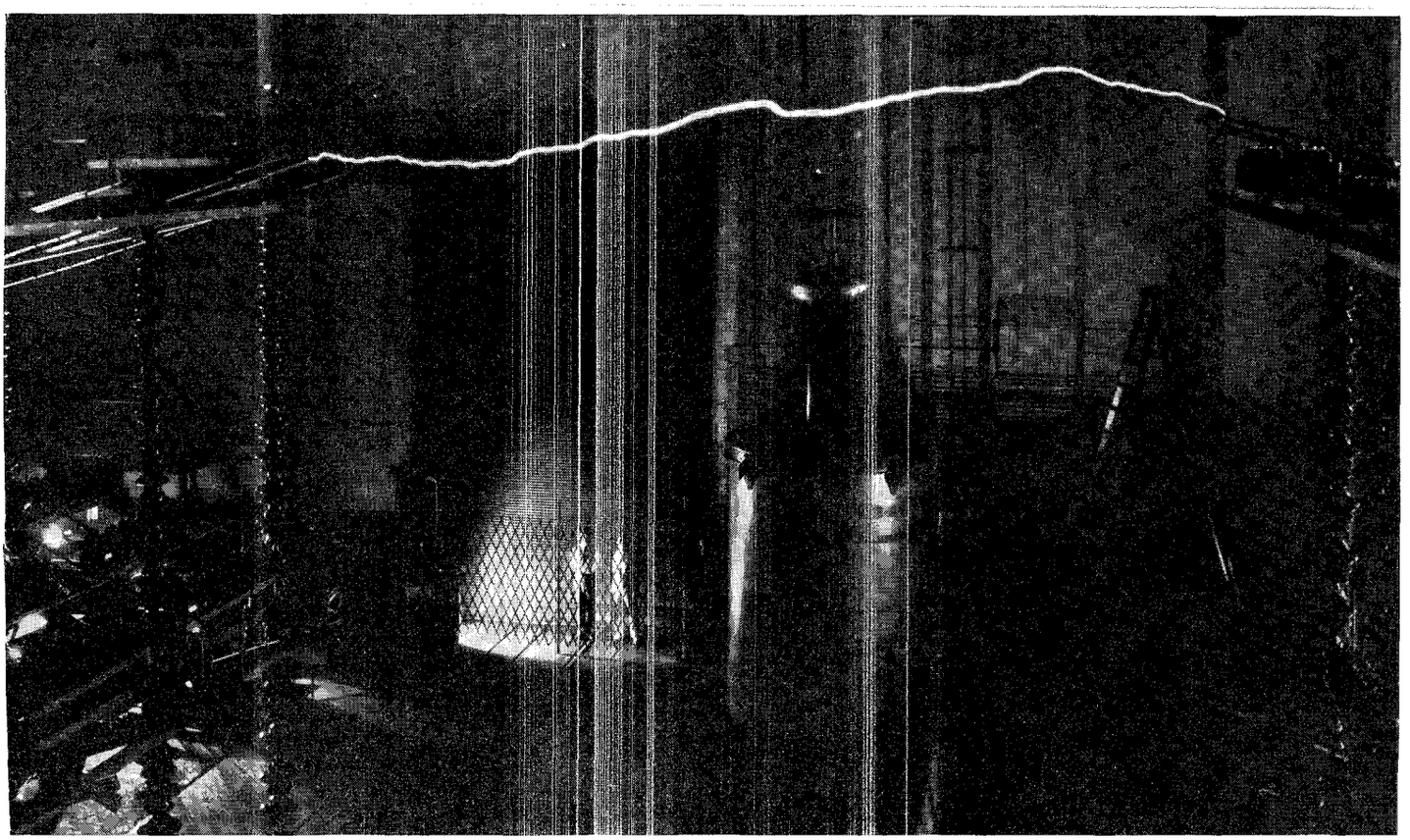

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Words cannot tell how thankful I am that I found your ad in True Detective Magazine.

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Yours truly,

(Signed) MABLE SIMONSON,
(Dec. 14, 1934),
Grace, Idaho.

★

Worth Ten Times Its Price: I have bought and used many of your Cascades. Have used it for many years and would not think of being without one for ten times the price.

THOS. P. RYAN (Jan. 14, 1934)
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JAMES NESBITT,
(June 4, 1934),
Schoolcraft, Michigan.

★

Ends 20 Years of Suffering: Your J.B.L. Treatment is a wonderful treatment—my case is a living man 73 years old, very active, stout and hearty, after 20 years of torture and suffering. Refer anybody to me about the J.B.L. Cascade.

F. M. BROWN,
(June 1, 1934),
249 N. Main St., Harrisonburg, Va.

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Cascade Almost Indispensable: For a number of years I have owned and used two of your J.B.L. Cascades in my home and regard them as well nigh indispensable.

G. M. LEWIS, *Manager*,
(June 22, 1934),
Coca-Cola Bottling Co., Dothan, Ala.

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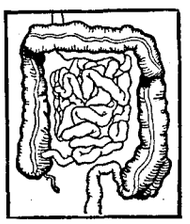

The lower intestine, 4 to 6 feet long, where poisons generate and are absorbed into the blood stream.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horse-shoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally," to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

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Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

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